

FUNNY PAGES

FUN FOR THE ENTIRE FAMILY

★ ★ ★ ★ ★
SEPT.
1937
10¢



JUNGLE A.C.

"THAT'S ECHO. HIS FATHER
IS KEEPER AT THE ZOO!"

ALL
ORIGINAL ~
COMICS ~



WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM

BROADCAST thru your radio TALK · SING · PLAY

BROADCAST from your own microphone through your own radio... **World Mike**... Price Postpaid **25c**

DELUXE MIKE... Price Postpaid **75c**

MIDGET POCKET RADIO \$1.00

Wireless Transmitter Broadcasting Set \$1

Crystal Radios... **Crystal Radio 25c**

SWIM IN ONE TRIAL... **28c**

WATCH IT CHANGE COLOR... **25c**

WATCH IT CHANGE COLOR... **35c**

WATCH IT CHANGE COLOR... **15c**

WATCH IT CHANGE COLOR... **15c**

WATCH IT CHANGE COLOR... **15c**

WATCH IT CHANGE COLOR... **15c**

WATCH IT CHANGE COLOR... **15c**

FIELD GLASSES 25c

Pocket Telescope 25c

IRWIN PROJECTOR

FUN LIGHTS 10c

JOY BUZZER 25c

USN

Sensational Photo Ring

THROW YOUR VOICE!

Detective Make-Up Kit

GENERIC SIMILARS

THRIFT BANK AND SLOT MACHINE

Blank Cartridge Pistol

6 Shot

Open Any Lock

MASTER KEYS

TRIGGER

BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!

THROW YOUR VOICE!

Detective Make-Up Kit

GENERIC SIMILARS

THRIFT BANK AND SLOT MACHINE

Blank Cartridge Pistol

6 Shot

Open Any Lock

MASTER KEYS

TRIGGER

BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!

THROW YOUR VOICE!

Detective Make-Up Kit

GENERIC SIMILARS

ADDRESS ALL ORDERS FOR GOODS ON THIS PAGE TO **JOHNSON SMITH & CO.** DEPARTMENT 139. DETROIT, MICHIGAN

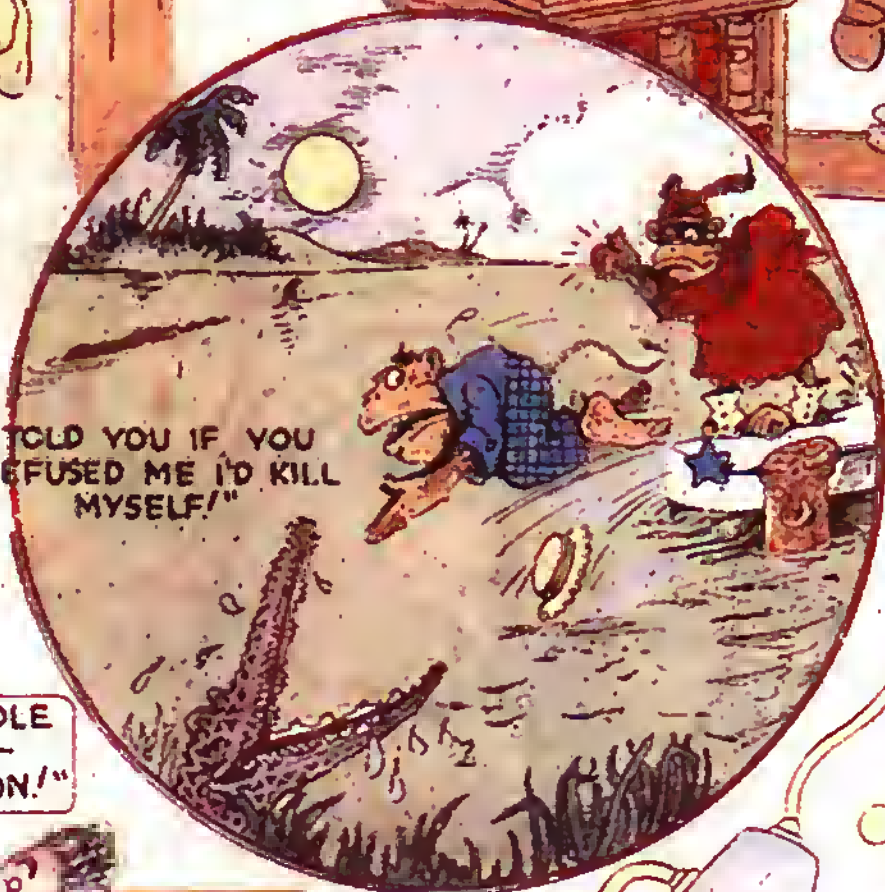
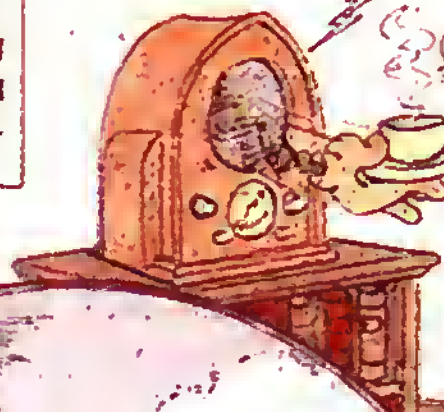
SEND 1c FOR NEW CATALOG... **600 Pages**... **Over 350**... **Radio & Television**... **Key Electrician**...

LAUGHS



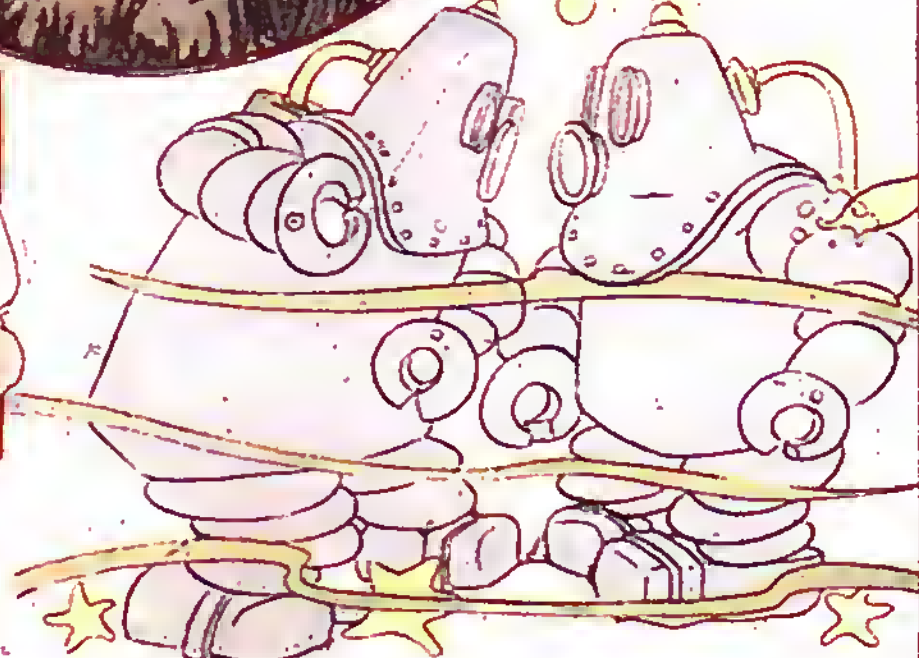
STOP!
HAVE YOU
FORGOTTEN
ANYTHING
???

-AND TRY A
CUPPA CAWFFEE
AT OUR EXPENSE!



"I TOLD YOU IF YOU
REFUSED ME I'D KILL
MYSELF!"

GINSBERG'S NOODLE
CO. PRESENTS —
"TIME MATZOS ON!"



"I'LL SOCK YA IN THE EYE!"

FUNNY PAGES

HARRY "A" CHESLER

Editor

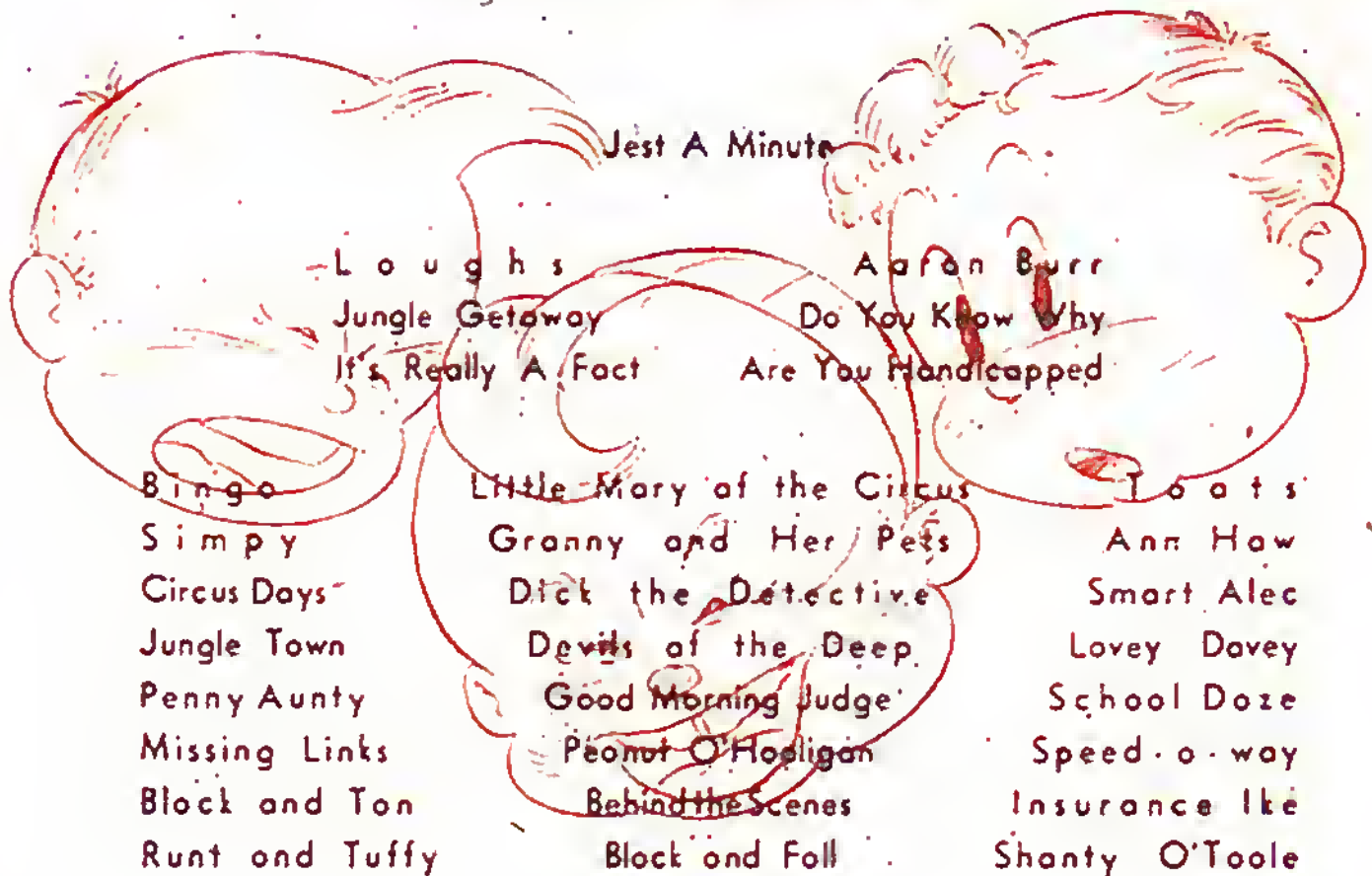
George Nagle, Managing Editor

Vol. 2, No. 1

SEPTEMBER, 1937

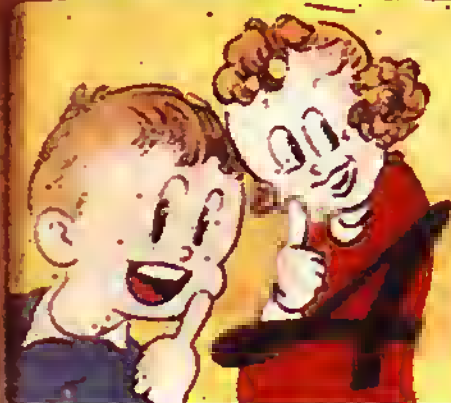
10c

CONTENTS



FUNNY PAGES is published monthly by Ultem Publications, Inc., Mount Morris, Illinois. EDITORIAL OFFICE, 276 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y. Application for second class entry pending at post office, Mount Morris, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879. Subscription price: 12 issues in the United States and its possessions and Canada, \$1.00. Single copies 10 cents.

The publishers accept no responsibility for unsolicited drawings and manuscripts, but will exercise due care in handling same. Drawings and manuscripts, to receive consideration, must be accompanied by postage sufficient to insure their return to owner. BEFORE SUBMITTING DRAWINGS OR MANUSCRIPTS WRITE FOR INSTRUCTIONS. This magazine printed in U. S. A. and entire contents COPYRIGHTED, 1937, by ULTEM PUBLICATIONS, INC. All rights reserved.



Just Minute



Boy oh boy! Wasn't this a swell summer? We'll bet you've had plenty of fun swimming, fishing, and riding the roller coasters at your favorite Amusement Park. And if you've been reading the past issues of FUNNY PAGES we know you've had TWICE as much fun!

And talking about roller coasters and amusement parks; have you been on the merry-go-round? Well, we have . . . In fact, we've been on a merry-go-round for the entire past month and are we dizzy! Dizzy and in a whirl because we've been going around in circles, trying to think up NEW FEATURES and screamingly FUNNY CARTOONS to make this issue the BEST YET!

Ho! This will hand you a laugh . . . Every once in awhile we get cute and kittenish around the office . . . You know, everybody plays tricks on each other and we have a jolly time. But last month took the cake for pranks . . . We put nice pointy tacks on all of our cartoonists' chairs, itching powder down the gag-writers' backs, and kept the radio going full blast so nobody could fall asleep! . . . The result was miraculous! . . . The boys were all so pepped up and wide awake that they turned out a magazine which by far SURPASSES any of the previous issues!

When you begin reading this issue of FUNNY PAGES you'd better sit down in a chair and hold your sides. We wouldn't want you to lose your balance and fall over when you roar with hearty laughter at the following pages!

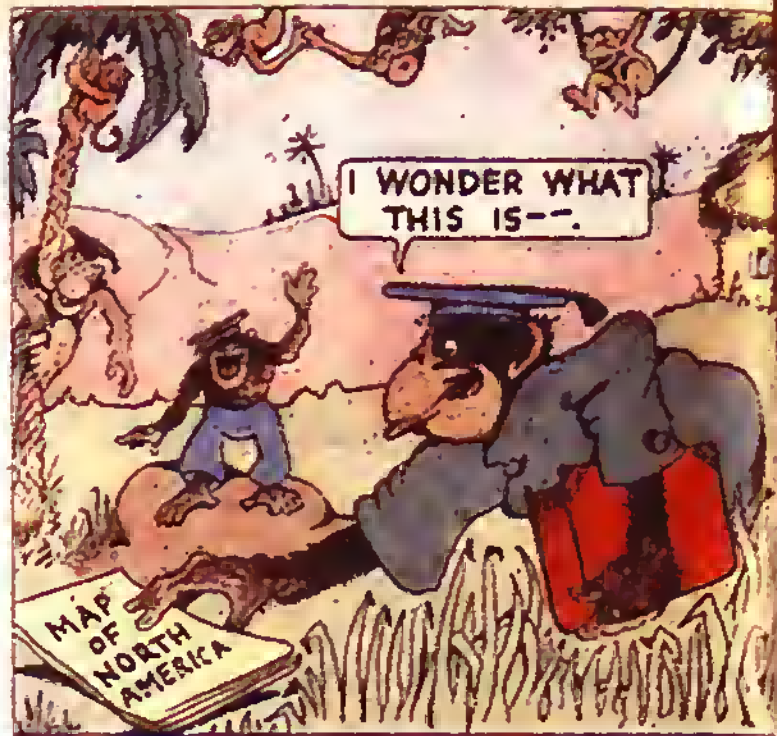
And here's something to remember . . . When you come to the end of this hilarious issue, don't feel blue because there's no more to read . . . Just make sure that you get a copy of FUNNY PICTURE STORIES, the companion magazine of FUNNY PAGES, and we're sure you'll get a big THRILL out of reading its fast moving stories and COLORED ACTION PICTURES. It's chock-full of ZIP and PEPI! . . . DON'T FORGET! . . .

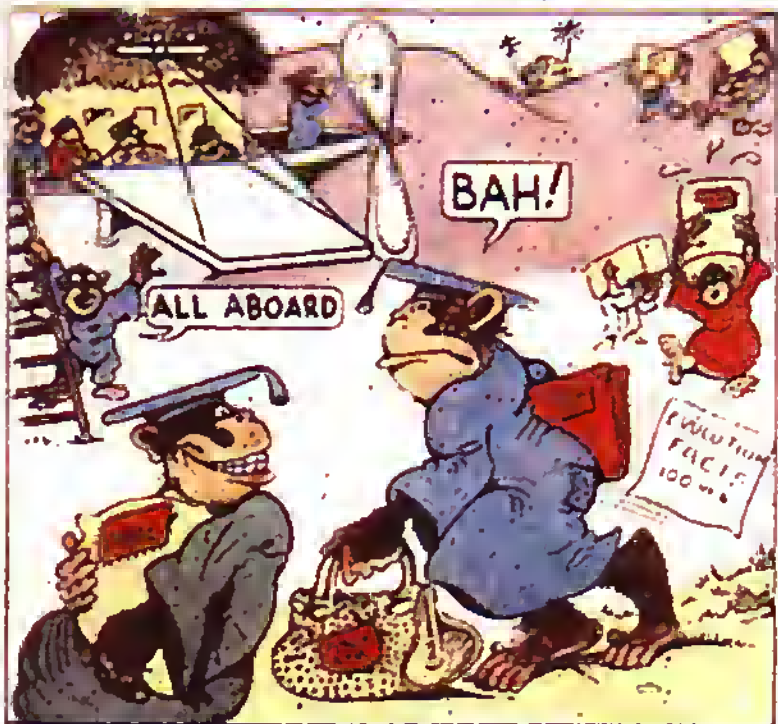
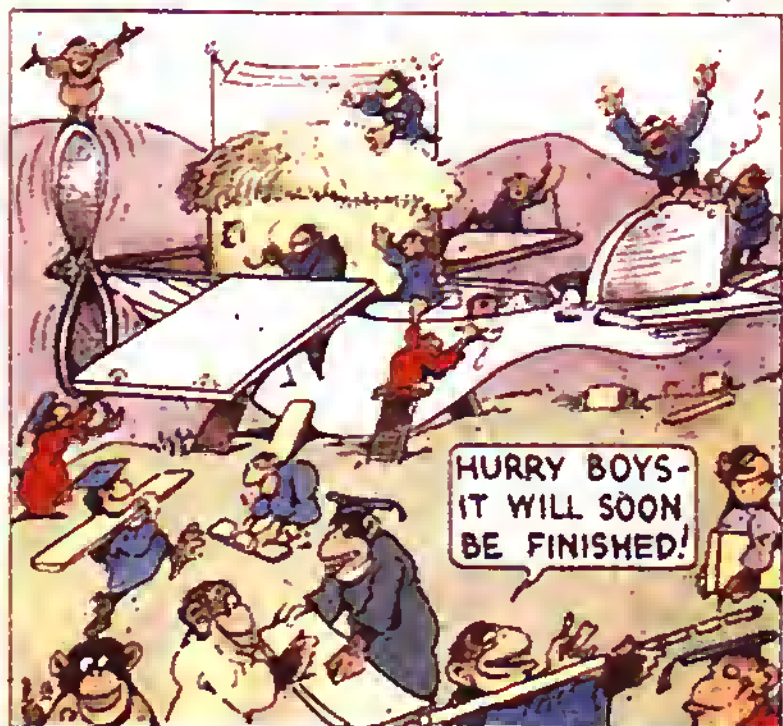
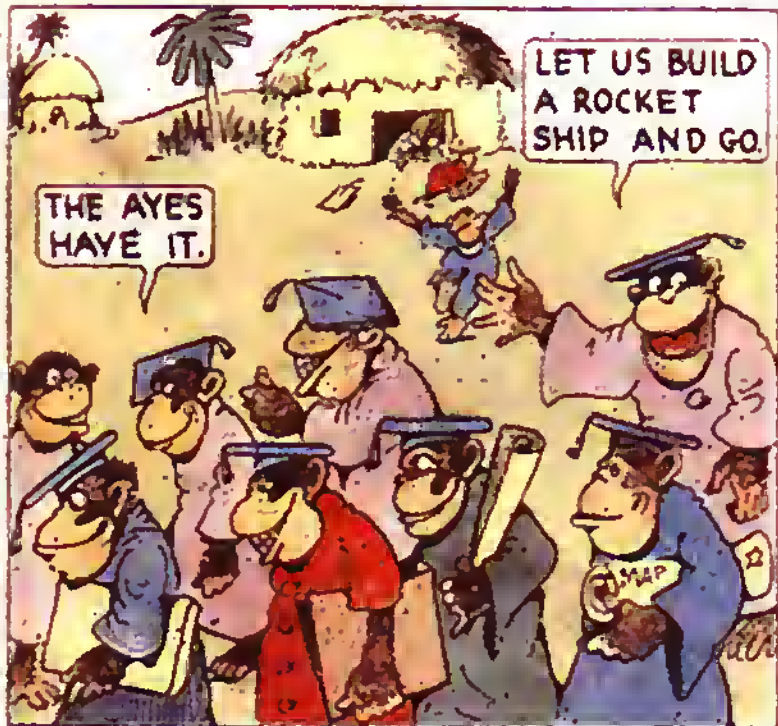
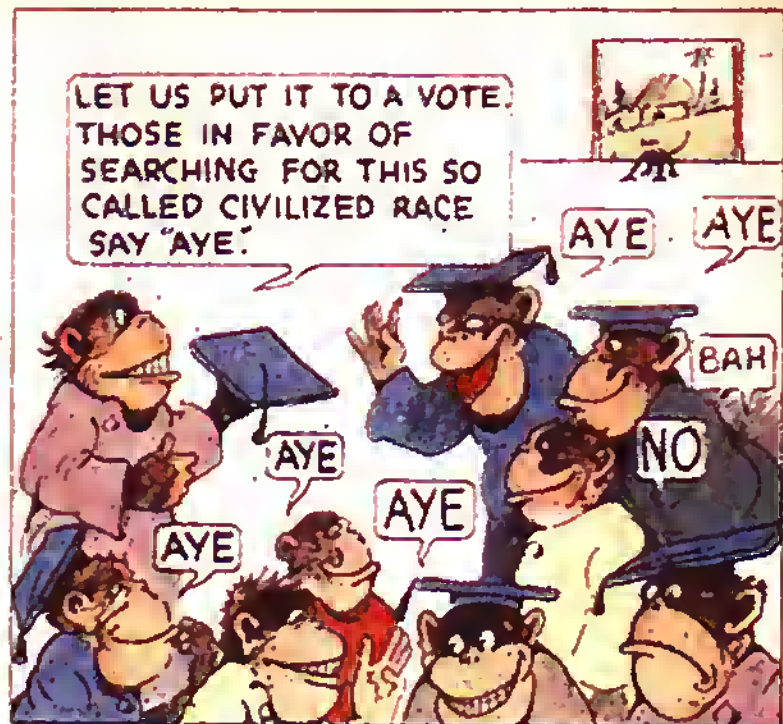
We suppose you are all anxious to start reading this issue now, and so we won't keep you back from your fun any longer.

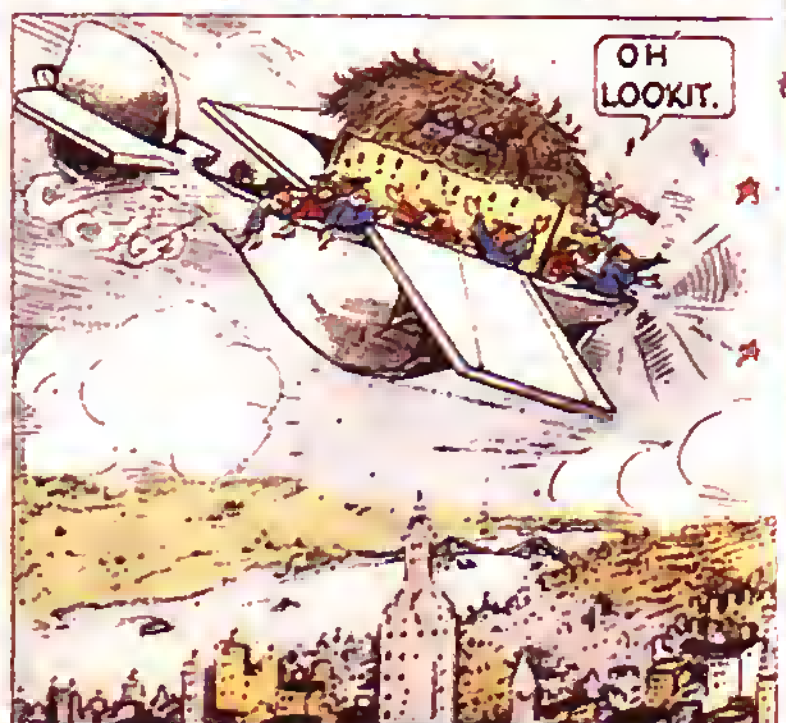
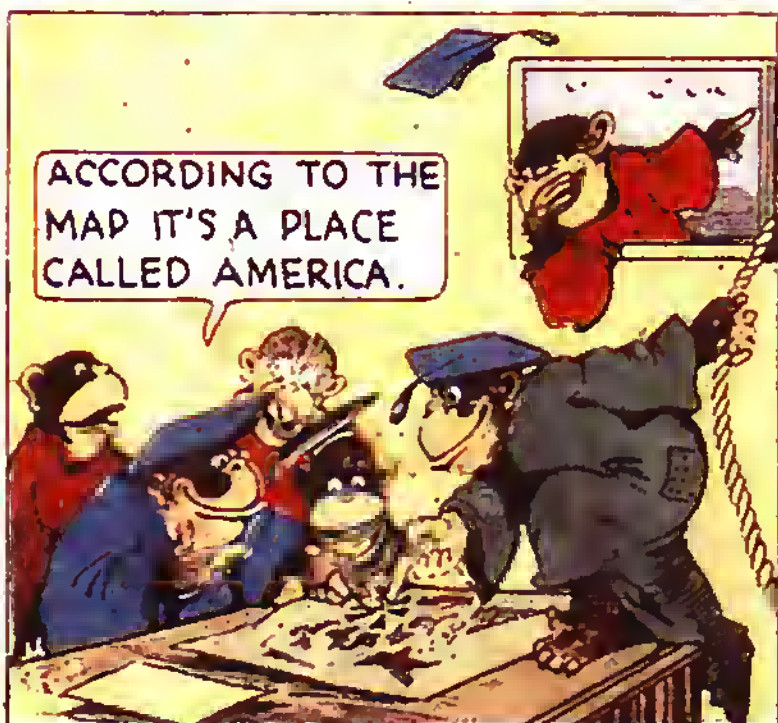
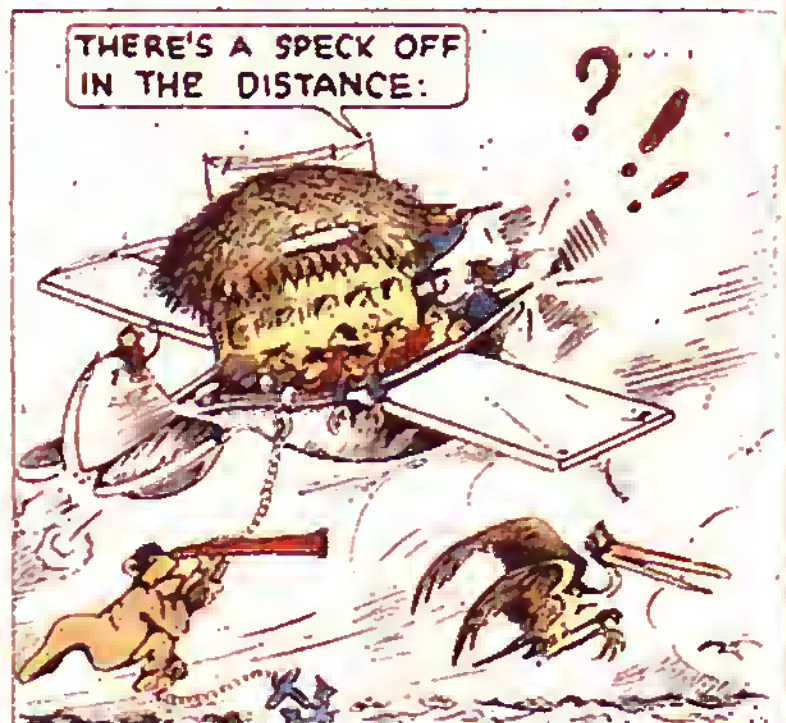
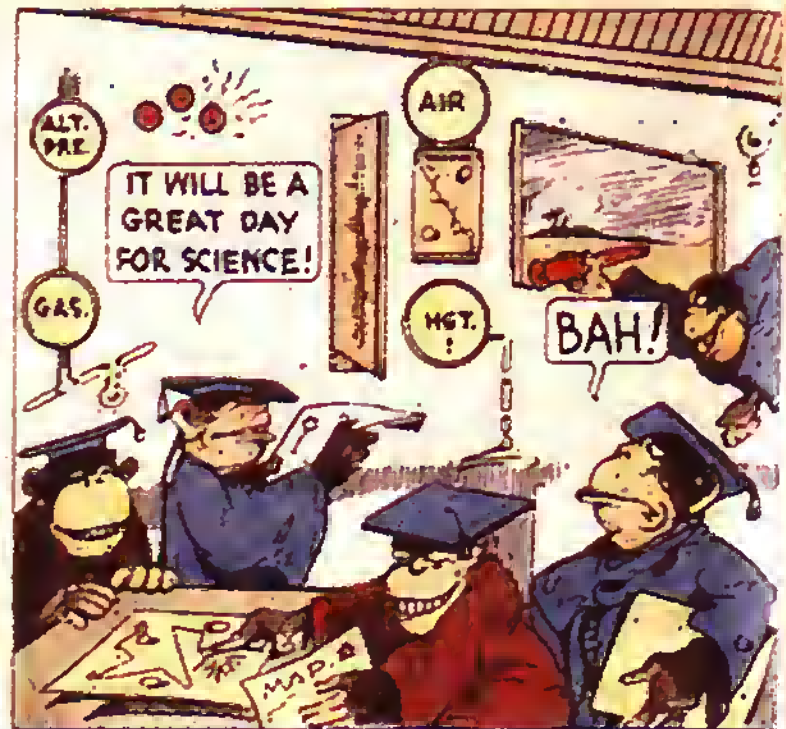
Get ready . . . Set . . . GO!



MISSING LINKS









LOOK, MILLIONS OF PEOPLE HURRYING BACK AND FORTH AND GOING NO PLACE.

SEE THEM ALL DODGING THOSE THINGS THAT RUN ALONG THE GROUND.

DO THEY LIVE IN THOSE SMALL CUBBY HOLES?



WHO ARE THOSE PEOPLE WALKING UP AND DOWN WITH SIGNS ON THEIR BACKS.

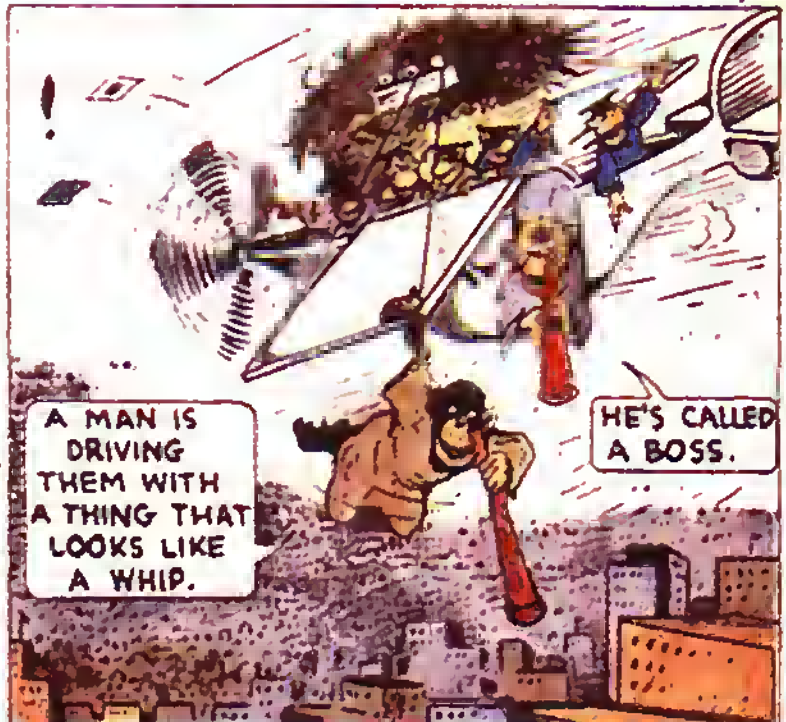
THEY'RE WHAT THEY CALL PICKETS.



I SEE OLD PEOPLE AND YOUNG PEOPLE - ROW AFTER ROW OF THEM - WORKING!

YEAH IN A LONG NARROW ROOM.

THAT'S WHAT THEY CALL A SWEAT SHOP.



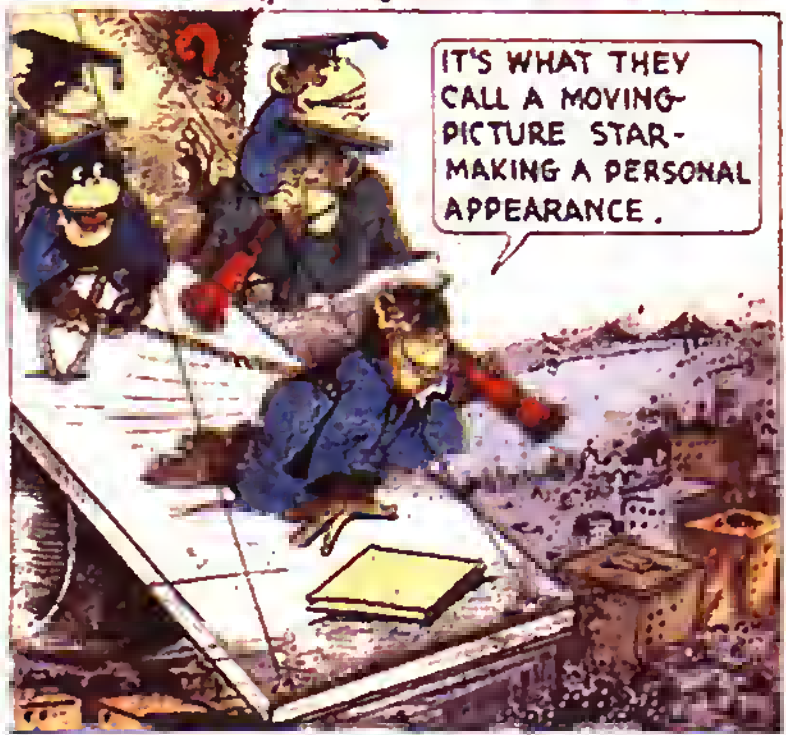
A MAN IS DRIVING THEM WITH A THING THAT LOOKS LIKE A WHIP.

HE'S CALLED A BOSS.



WHAT CAN IT BE?

THERE'S CROWDS TRYING TO GET TOWARDS ONE PERSON.



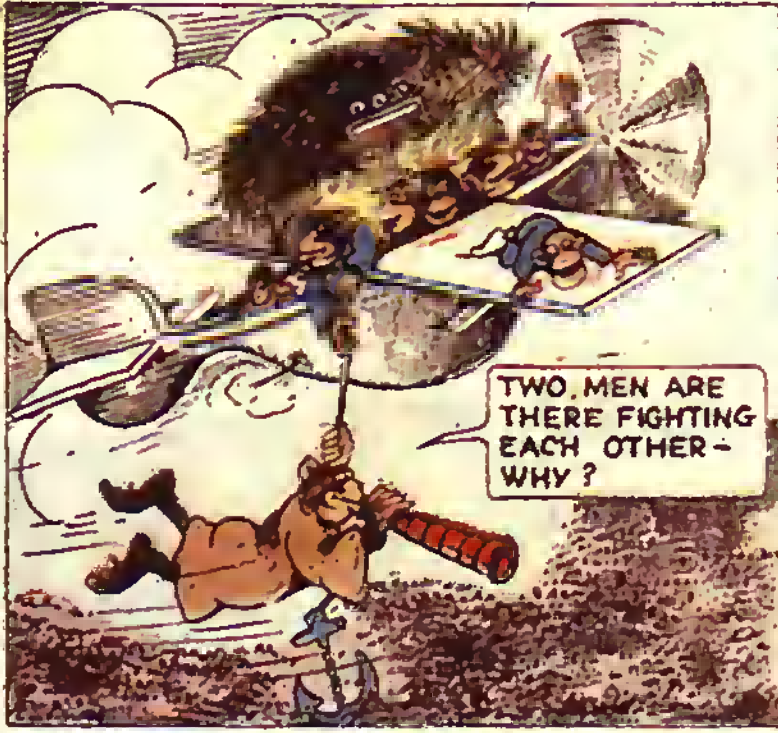
IT'S WHAT THEY CALL A MOVING-PICTURE STAR-MAKING A PERSONAL APPEARANCE.



THEY ARE PULLING EACH OTHERS CLOTHES OFF IN THE EXCITEMENT.



YES ITS A CUSTOM IN AMERICA.



TWO MEN ARE THERE FIGHTING EACH OTHER - WHY?



THEY BELONG TO DIFFERENT POLITICAL PARTIES AND THEY FIGHT ABOUT IT!

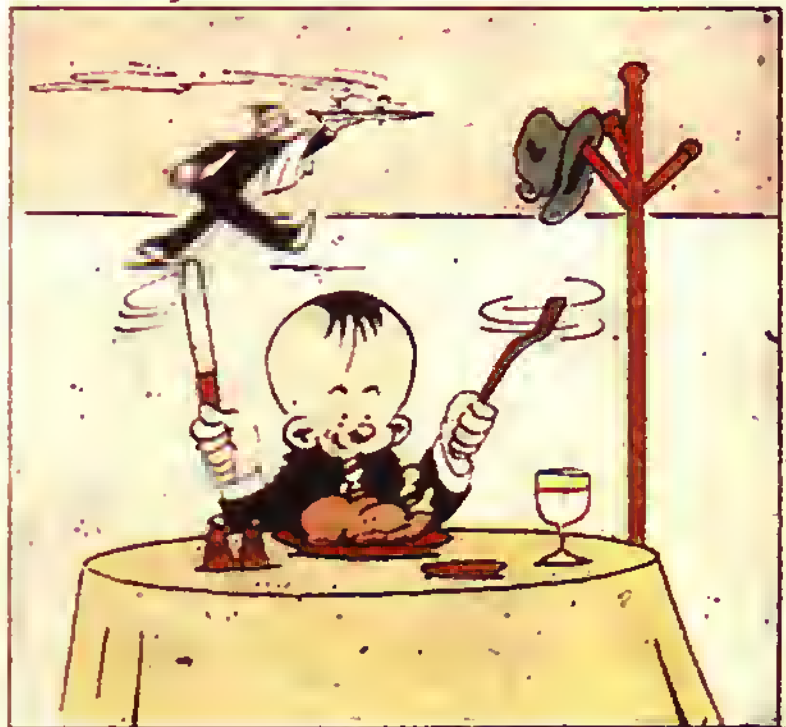
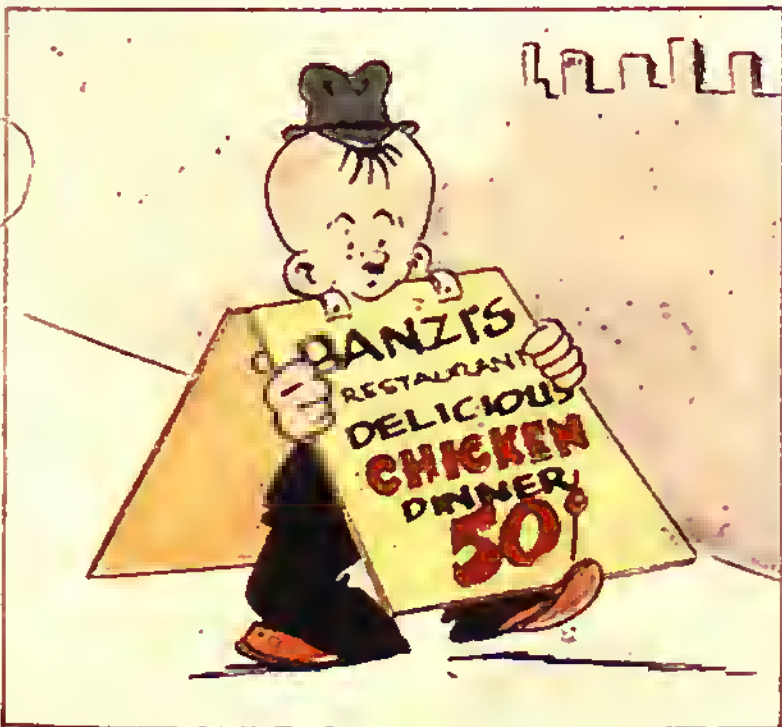
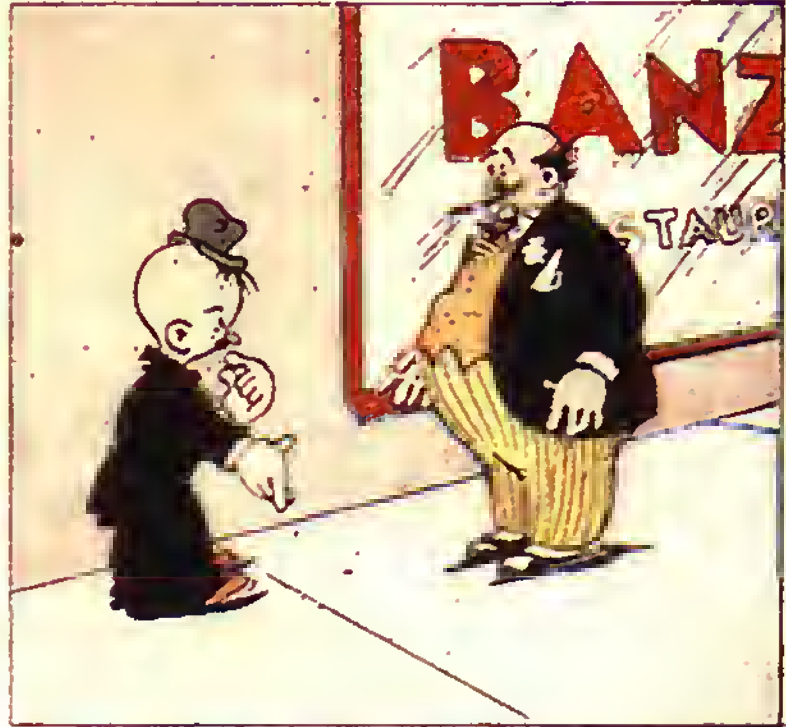
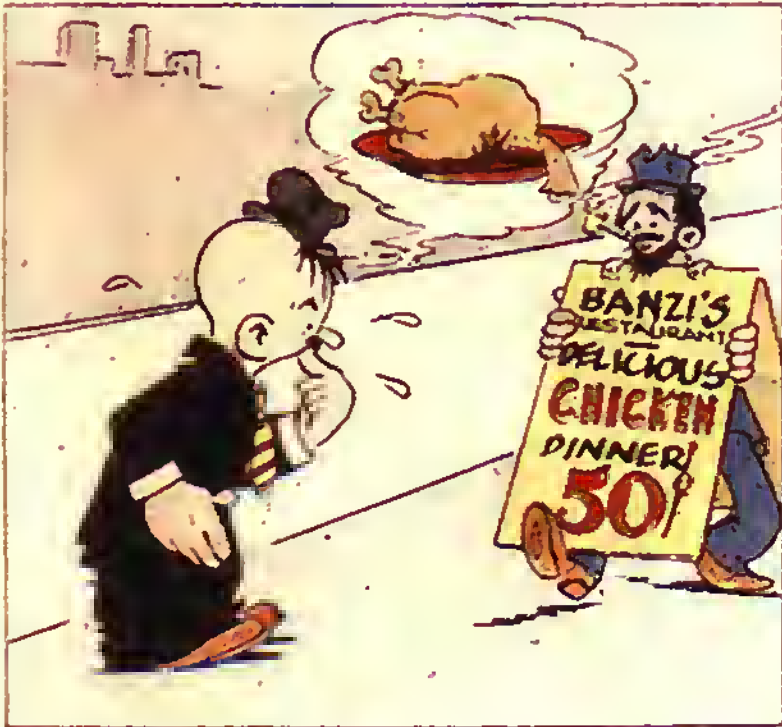
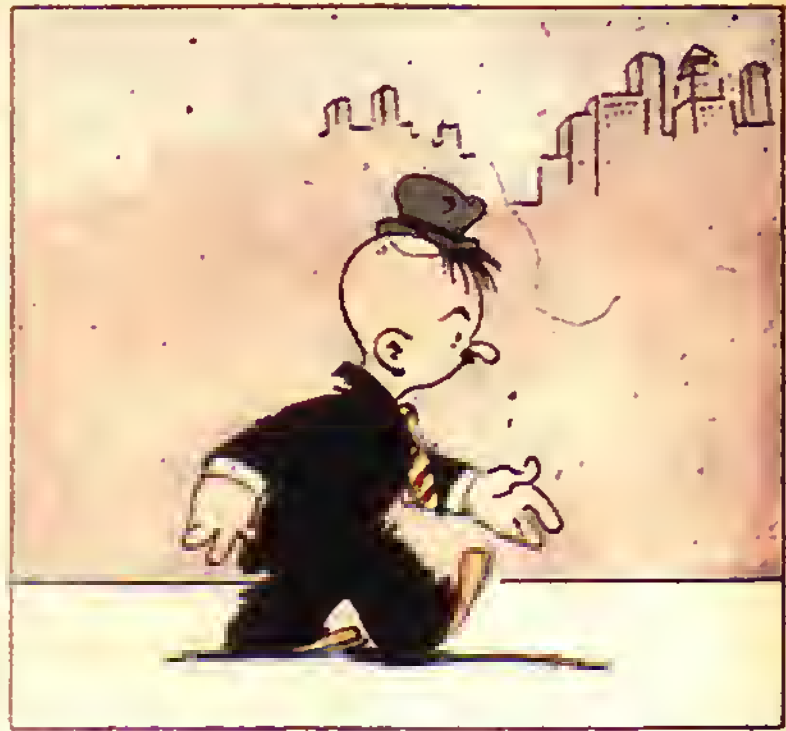


OH PROFESSOR, COME HERE PLEASE: WILL YOU?



YOU AND YOUR CIVILIZED PEOPLE - BAH!

SIMPY



BLOCK and FALL

THEY'RE ALWAYS WRONG



I SEE DEYS A GUY NAMED POTSHOT HOGAN WHAT ESCAPED FROM JAIL. DEYS A REWARD OF FIVE THOUSAND BUCKS TO DE BUY WHAT CATCHES TM!

FIVE THOUSAND BUCKS-SEE!



DAT MEANS T'HAUL ANCHOR.

BLAST ME BLOCK OFF, BLOCK-IT'S DE CAPTAIN- I KNOW HIS FEET A MILE AWAY.



DIS IS A LOUSY SHIP. DEY WORKS TOO HARD.



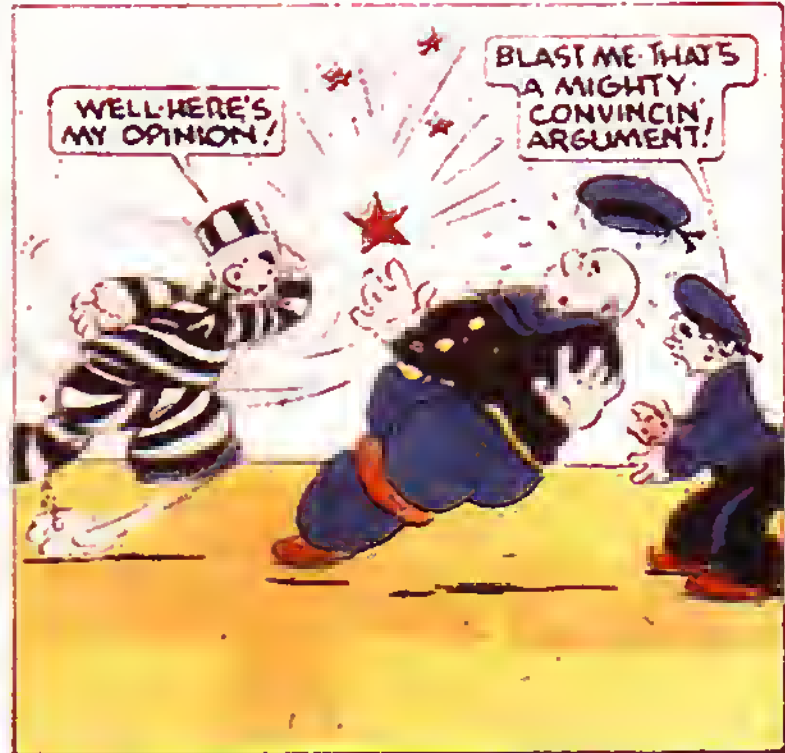
DEY ORTA BE A LAW!

BLAST ME IF I DONT THINK A SIT-DOWN STRIKE UD BE WELCOME.



REPORTIN' TWO DESERTERS ON THE STAR-BOARD SIR -

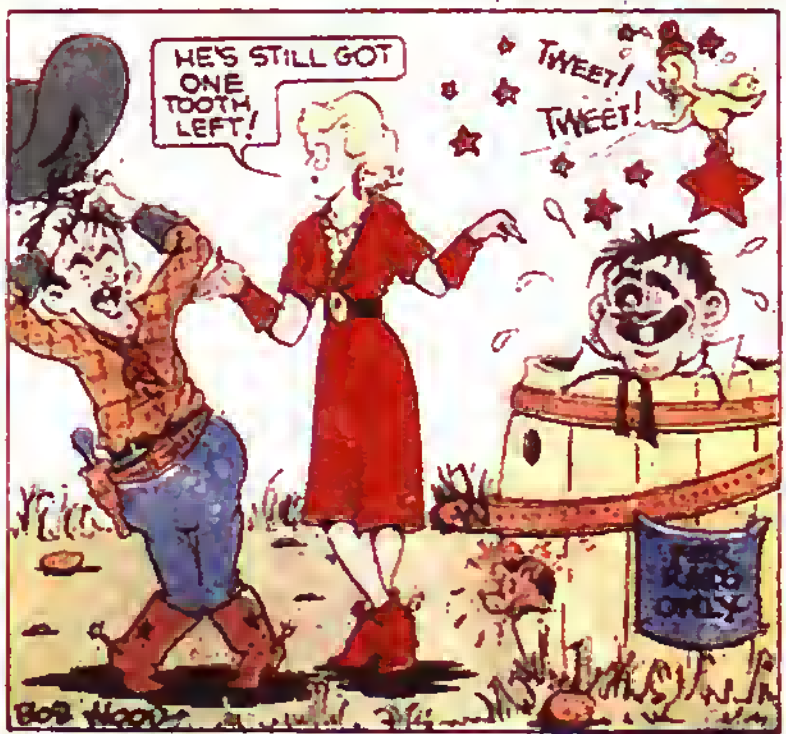
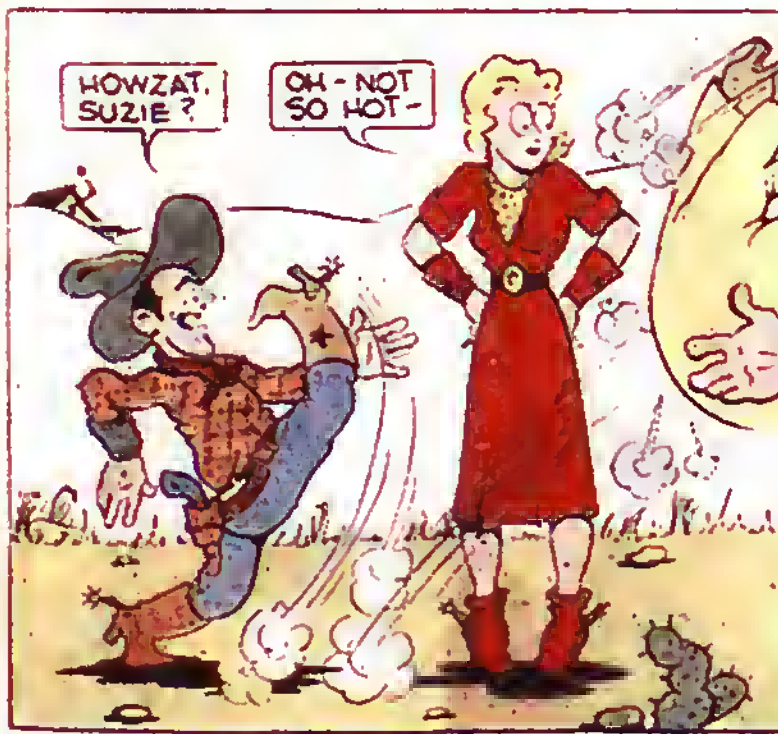
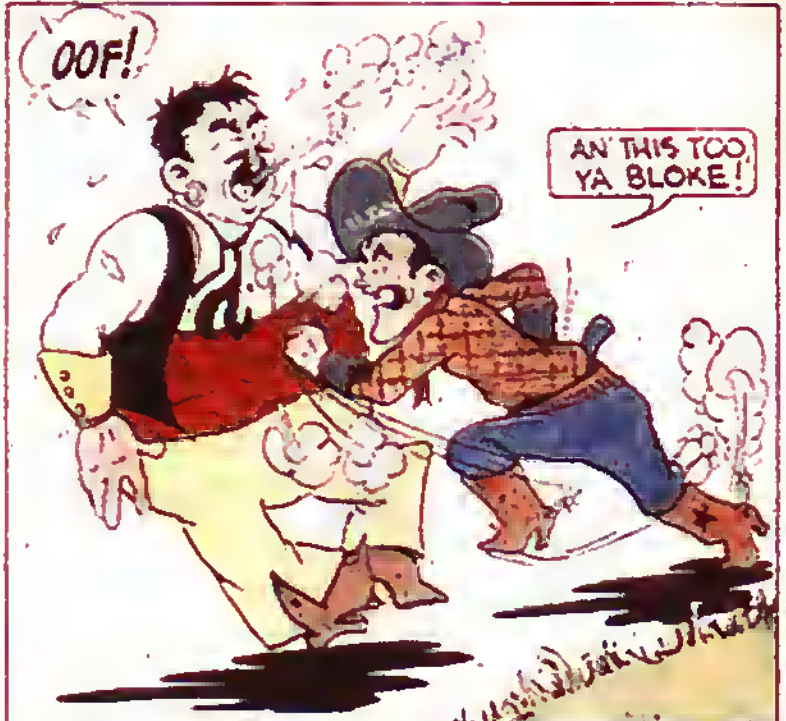
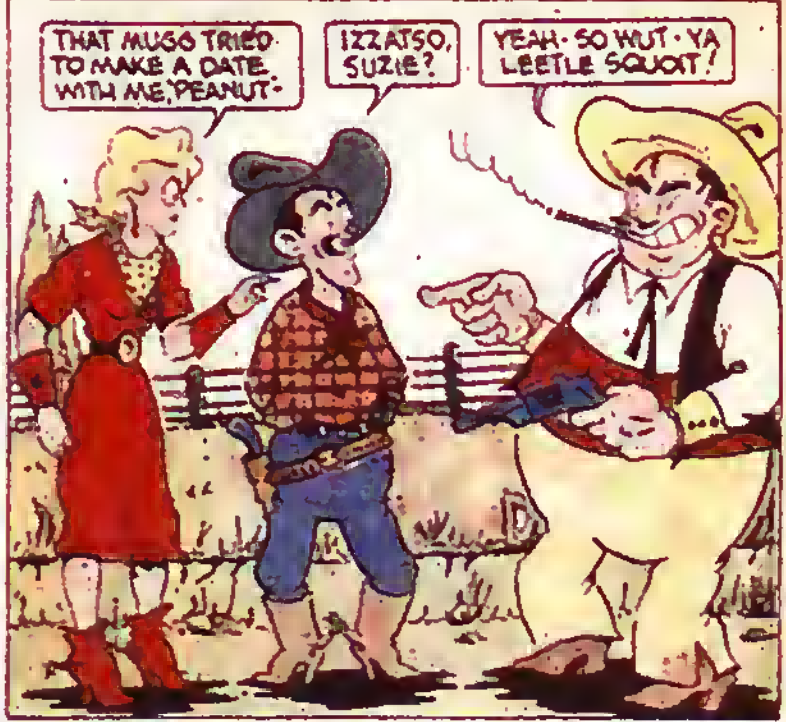






PEANUT O'HOOOLIGAN

BY BOB WOOD



CIRCUS DAYS



GOOD-BYE NELL, THEY LET ME GO THIS MORNING AFTER 50 LONG YEARS.

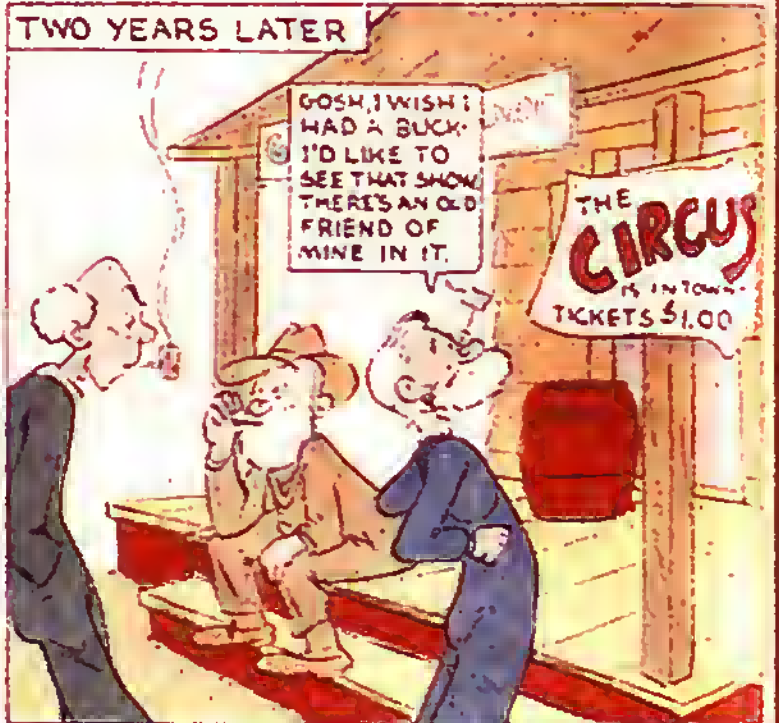


THEY LET POP OUT TODAY-GETTING TOO OLD.

YEAH, IT'S A SHAME THOUGH



GOT NO USE FOR YOU WHEN YOU GET OLD.



TWO YEARS LATER

GOSH, I WISH I HAD A BUCK. I'D LIKE TO SEE THAT SHOW. THERE'S AN OLD FRIEND OF MINE IN IT.



COME ON POP- I GOT TWO TICKETS THAT'LL TAKE US BOTH IN.

THANK YOU SON

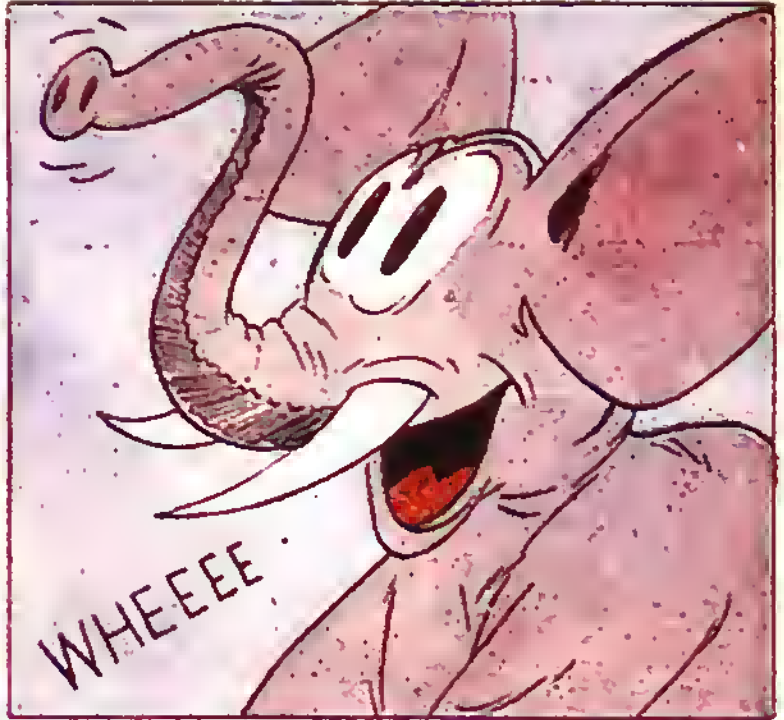


COLLOSAL THIN WONDERFUL

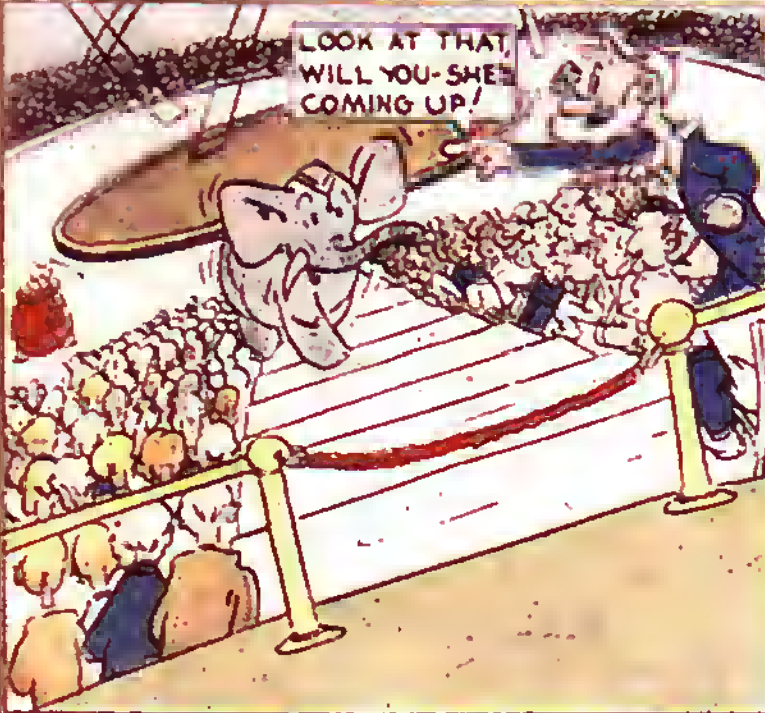
GOOD TO SEE THESE OLD FAMILIAR SIGHTS AGAIN



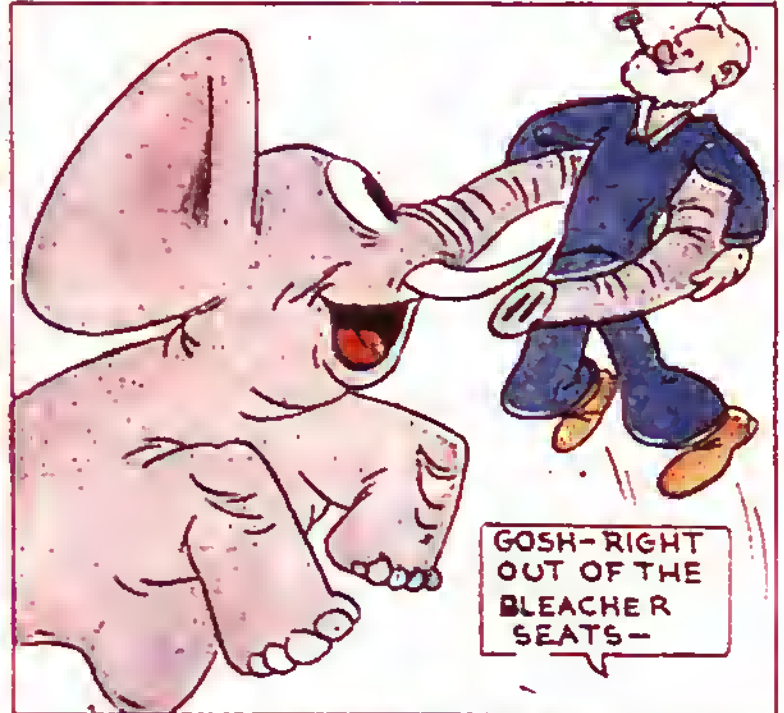
THERE SHE IS—
THERE'S MY PAL—
HEY, NELLIE!



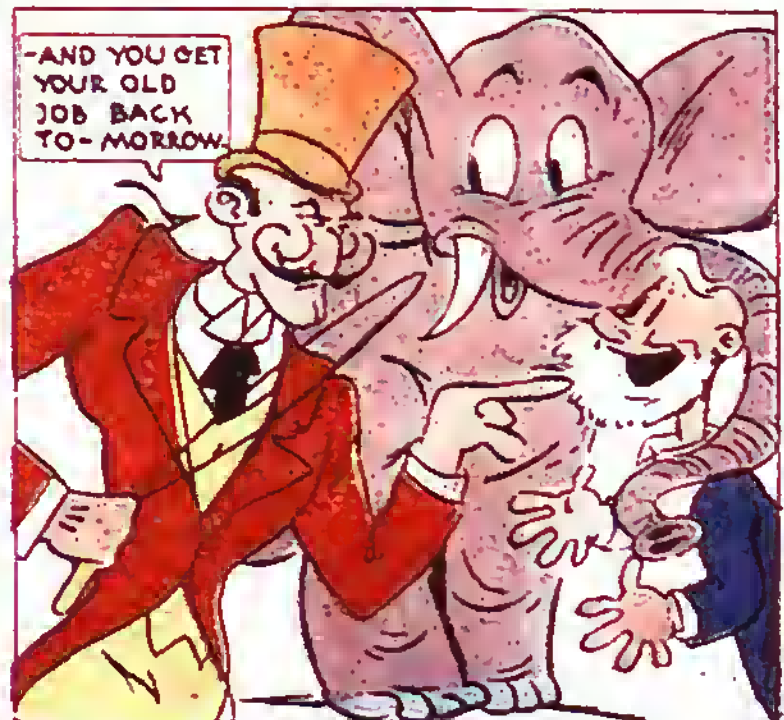
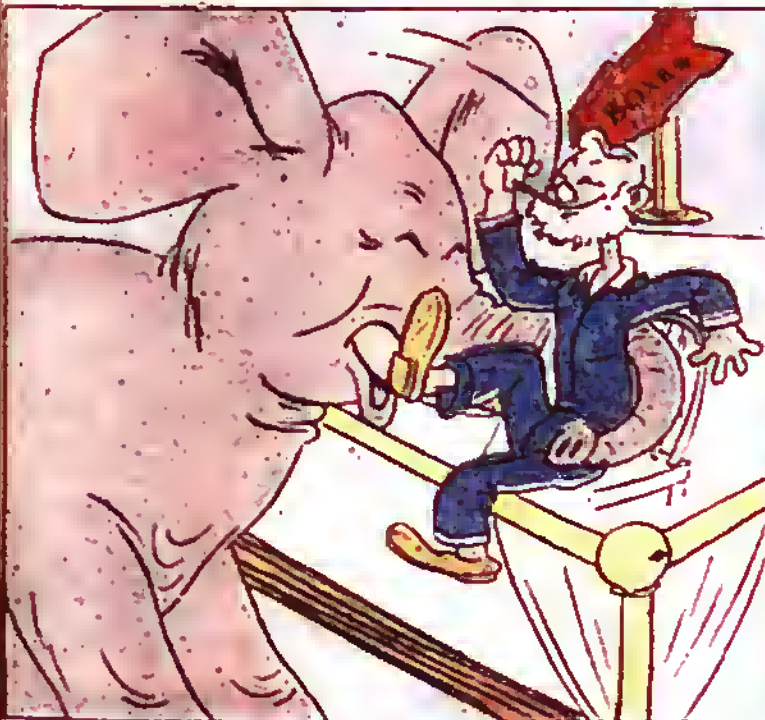
WHEEEE



LOOK AT THAT,
WILL YOU—SHE'S
COMING UP!

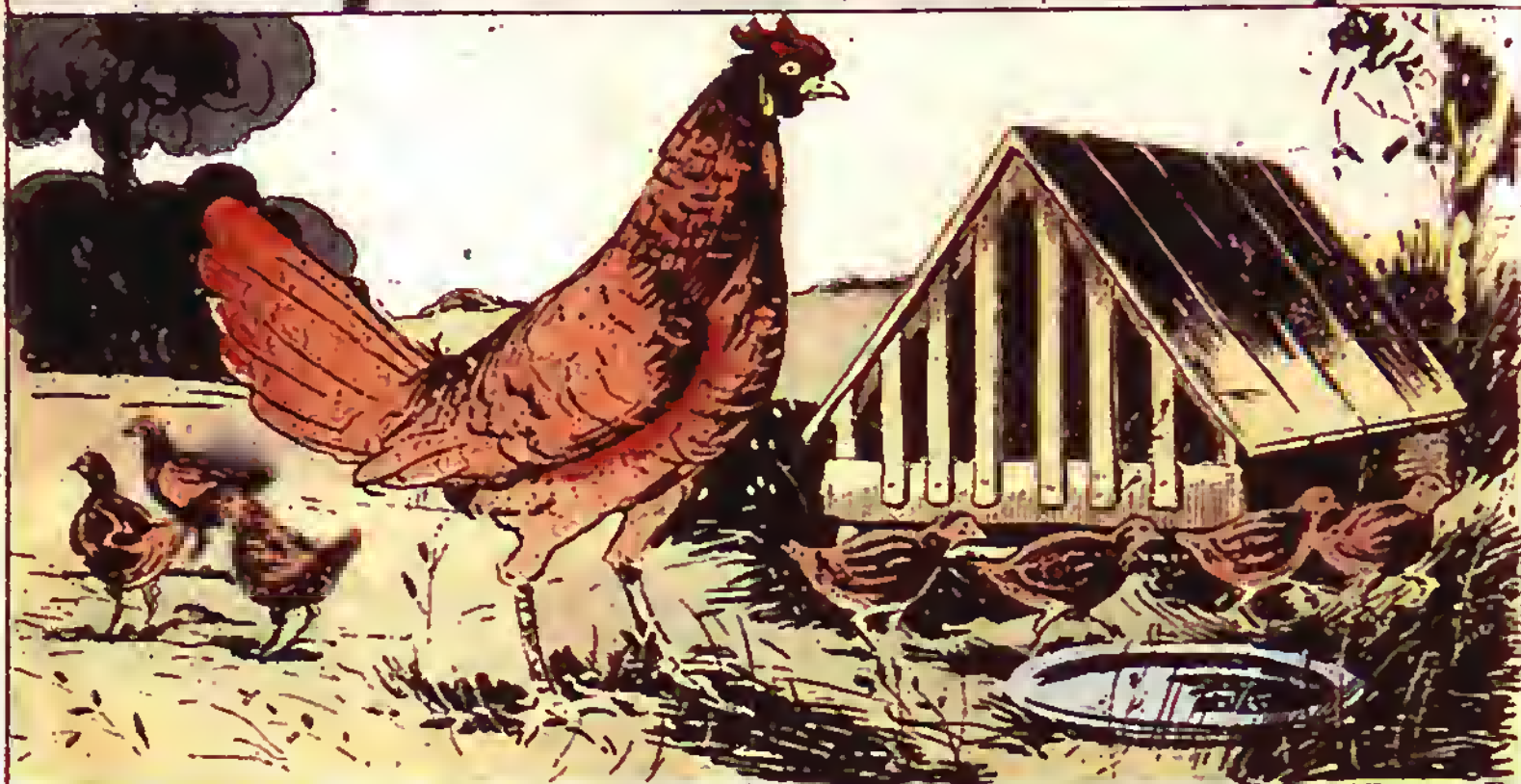


GOSH—RIGHT
OUT OF THE
BLEACHER
SEATS—

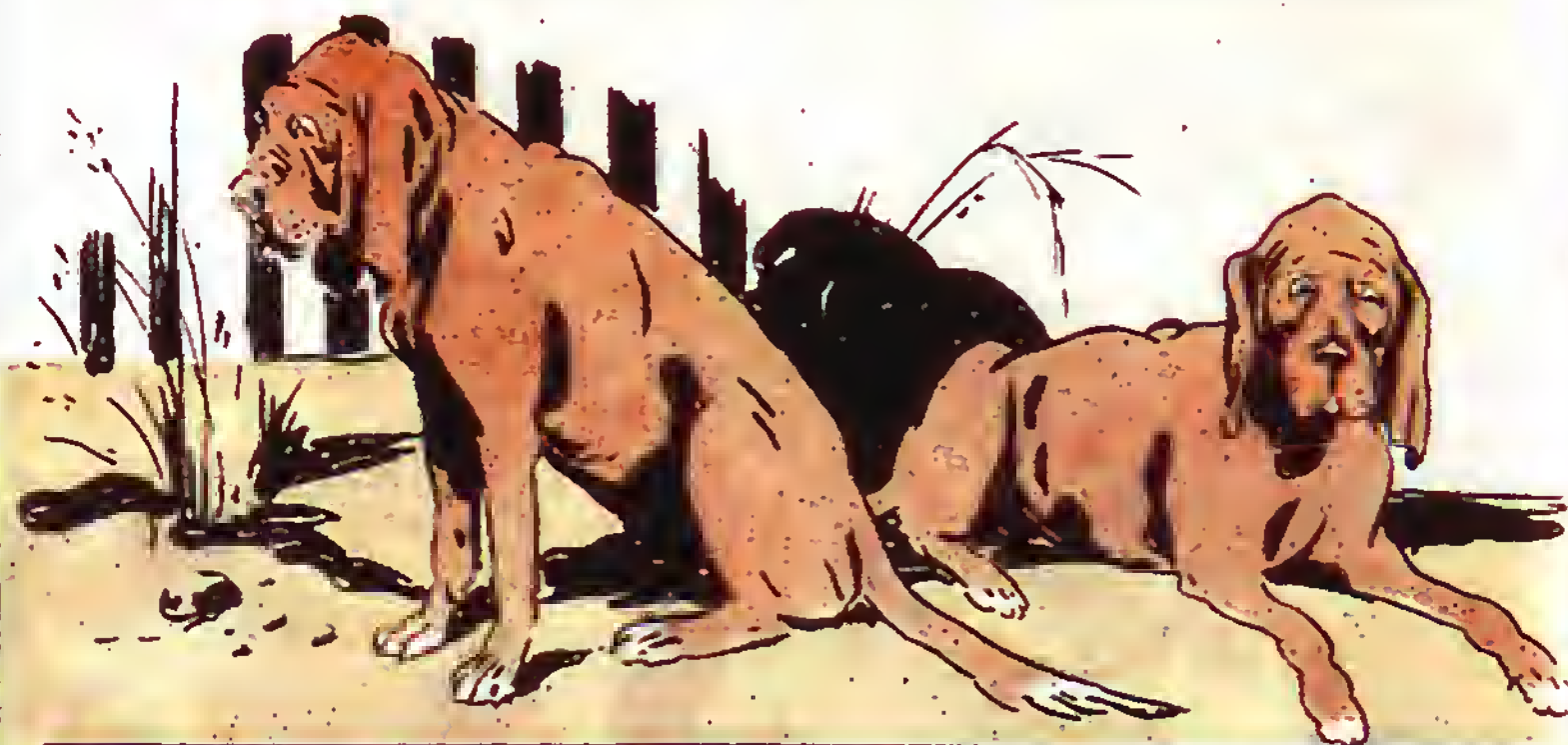


—AND YOU GET
YOUR OLD
JOB BACK
TO-MORROW.

Do You Know Why?

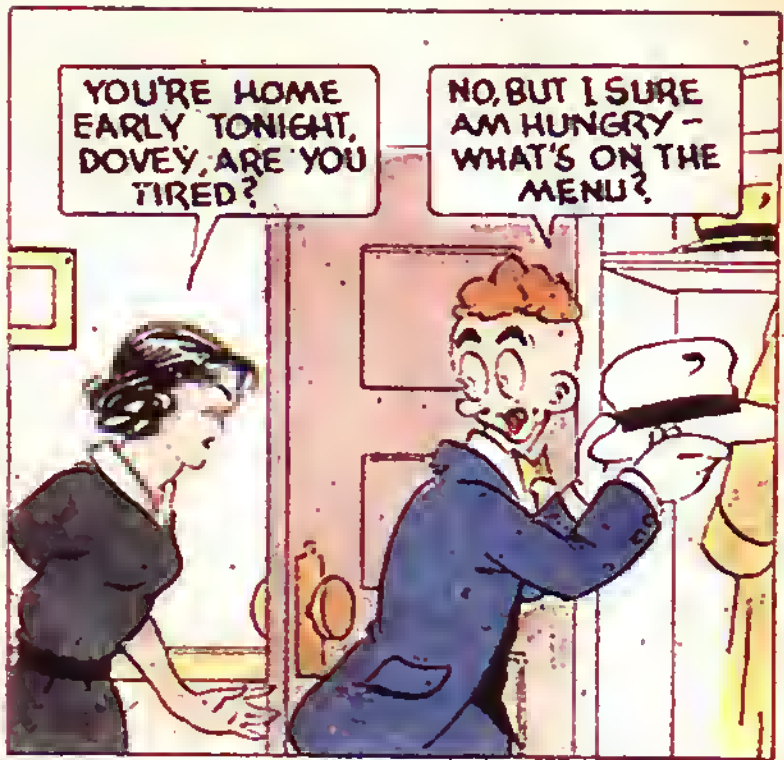
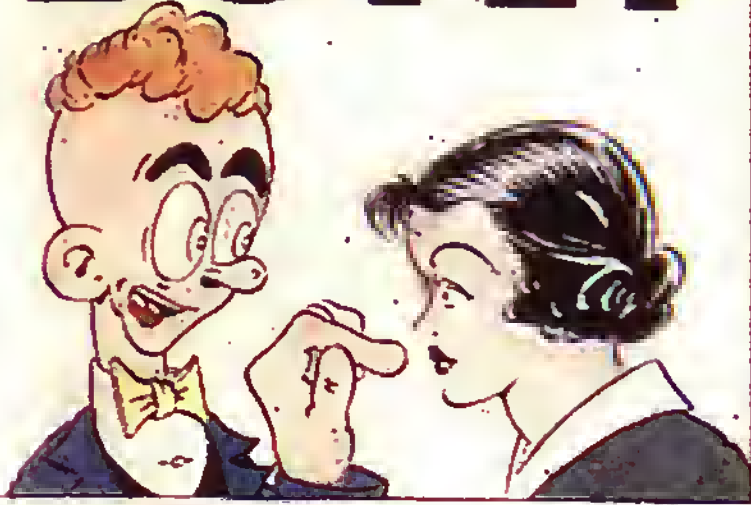


BABY QUAIL WHEN HATCHED UNDER A BANTAM HEN, KNOW THE HEN IS NOT THEIR MOTHER AND WILL HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH HER. AT THE FIRST OPPORTUNITY THEY WILL RUN AWAY, SOMETIMES TO SUFFER FROM EXPOSURE AND TO DIE.



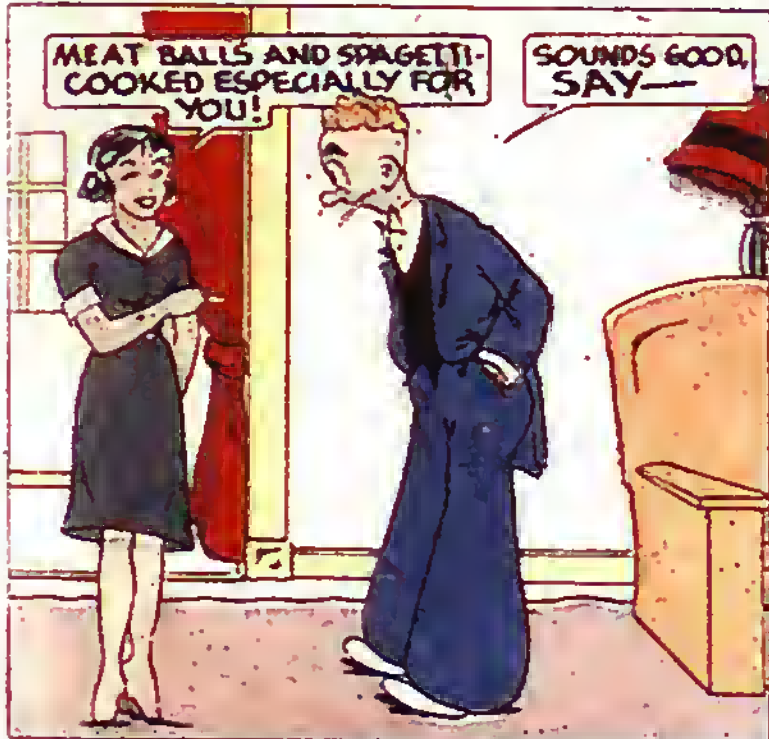
BLOODHOUNDS ARE GENTLE PEACEFUL DOGS. THEY DO NOT ATTACK THE TRAILED PERSON. AFTER THEY CATCH UP WITH HIM THEY SHOW ABSOLUTELY NO INTEREST IN HIM. YET GIVE BLOODHOUNDS THE SCENT OF A FUGITIVE AND NOTHING CAN KEEP THEM FROM BAYING THEIR WAY TO HIM, ONCE THEY PICK UP HIS TRAIL. WHY THEY FOLLOW THE SCENT OF HUMANS NO ONE KNOWS.

LOVEY DOVEY



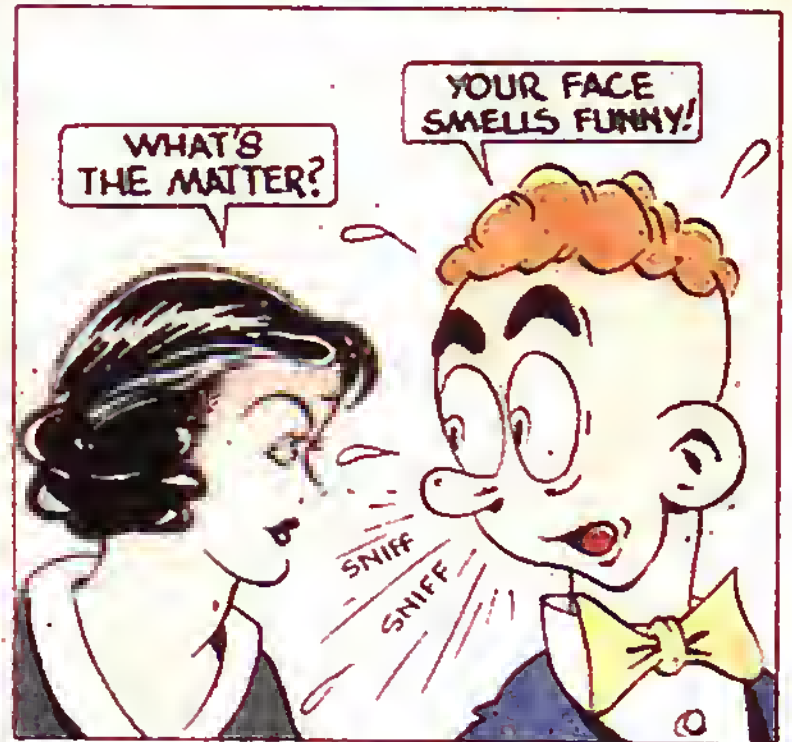
YOU'RE HOME EARLY TONIGHT, DOVEY, ARE YOU TIRED?

NO, BUT I SURE AM HUNGRY - WHAT'S ON THE MENU?



MEAT BALLS AND SPAGETTI - COOKED ESPECIALLY FOR YOU!

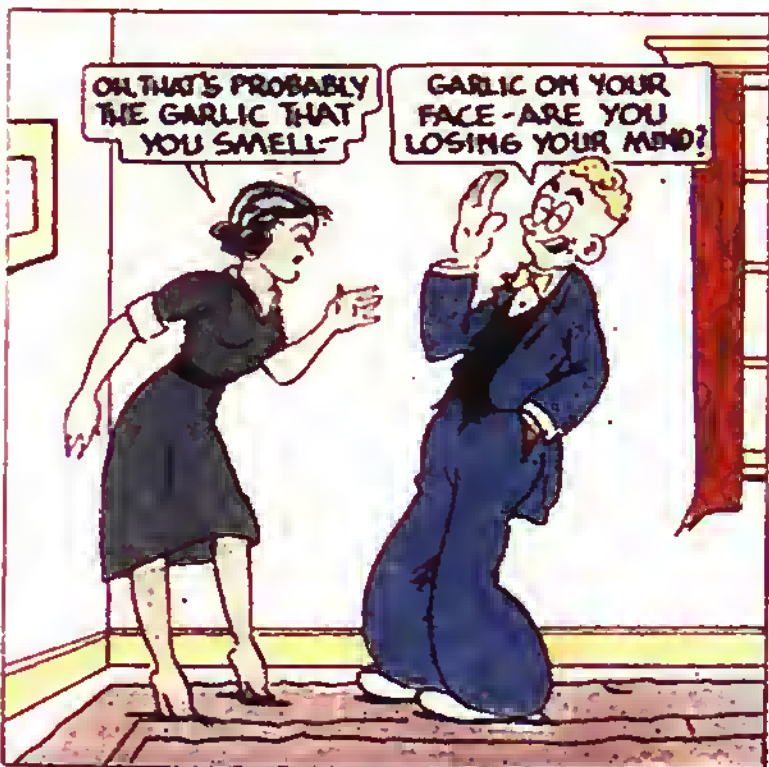
SOUNDS GOOD, SAY—



WHAT'S THE MATTER?

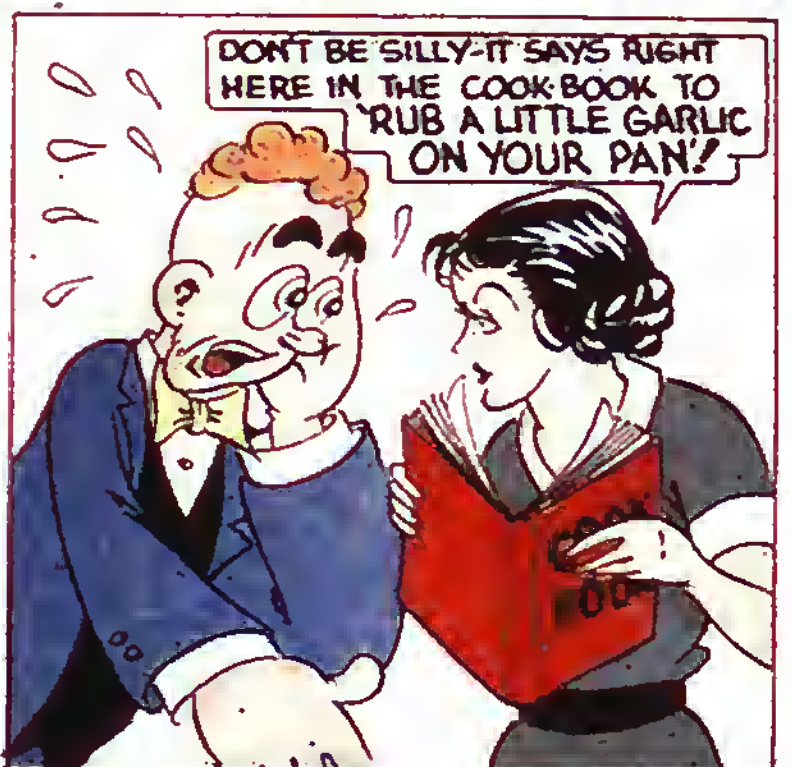
YOUR FACE SMELLS FUNNY!

SNIFF
SNIFF



OH THAT'S PROBABLY THE GARLIC THAT YOU SMELL—

GARLIC ON YOUR FACE - ARE YOU LOSING YOUR MIND?

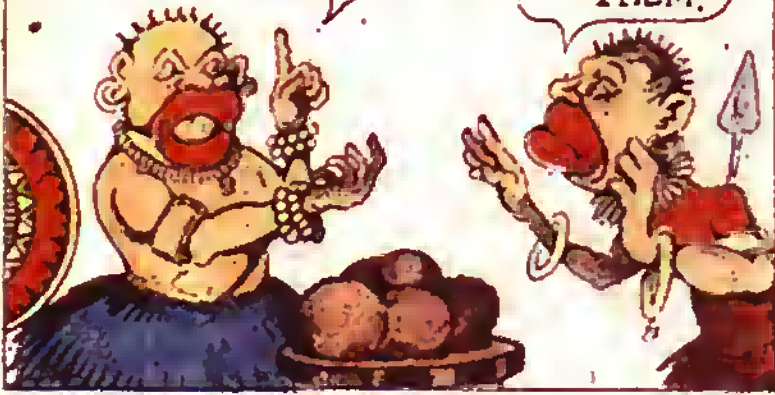


DON'T BE SILLY - IT SAYS RIGHT HERE IN THE COOK-BOOK TO 'RUB A LITTLE GARLIC ON YOUR PAN!'

JUNGLE TOWN

YOUR TWO COCONUTS SHORT IN YOUR PAY. FORK IT OVER!

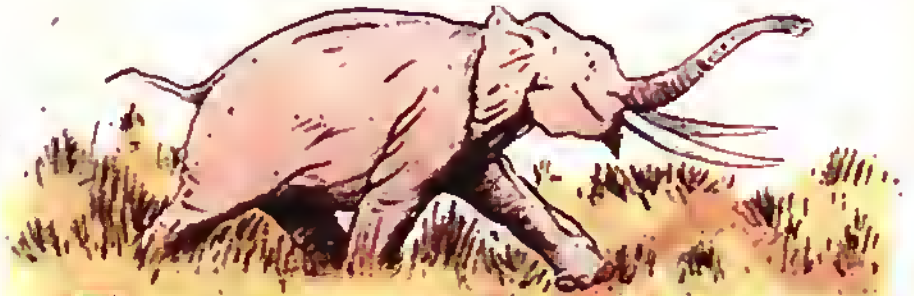
I WILL NOT! I'M GOING TO KEEP THEM!



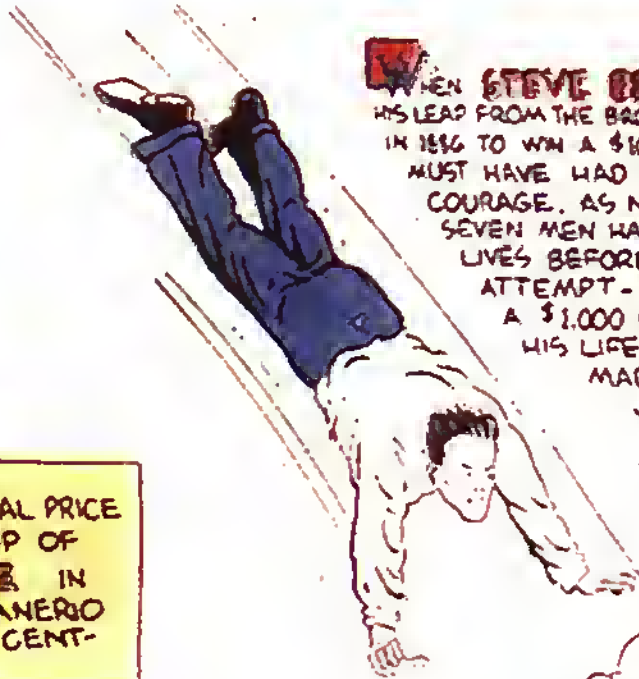
IT'S REALLY A FACT By BOB WOOD



IN THE COURSE OF A SEASON, THE MAJOR LEAGUE BALL CLUBS USE APPROXIMATELY 105,000 BASEBALLS WHICH COST ABOUT \$122 EACH-



THE LARGEST PAIR OF **ELEPHANT TUSKS** EVER RECORDED WEIGHED 225 AND 232 POUNDS, WHILE THE AVERAGE TUSK WEIGHS ONLY 55 POUNDS-



WHEN **STEVE BRODIE** MADE HIS LEAP FROM THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE IN 1886 TO WIN A \$100 BET, HE MUST HAVE HAD PLENTY OF COURAGE. AS NO LESS THAN SEVEN MEN HAD LOST THEIR LIVES BEFORE HIM IN THE ATTEMPT - HE TOOK OUT A \$1,000 POLICY ON HIS LIFE BEFORE HE MADE THE JUMP-



THE USUAL PRICE OF A CUP OF **COFFEE** IN RIO DE JANEIRO IS ONE CENT-

HERE'S ONE TO FIGURE OUT!

TAKE YOUR **WEIGHT**, MULTIPLY BY 2, ADD 5, MULTIPLY BY 50, ADD YOUR **AGE**, SUBTRACT 250 — IN YOUR ANSWER YOU WILL FIND BOTH YOUR WEIGHT AND AGE.

EXAMPLE—

WEIGHT 150 - AGE 20 -
 MULTIPLY WEIGHT BY 2 - 300
 ADD 5 - 305
 MULTIPLY BY 50 - 15,250
 ADD AGE (20) - 15,270
 SUBTRACT 250 - 15,020

ANS.
 150 20
 WT. AGE

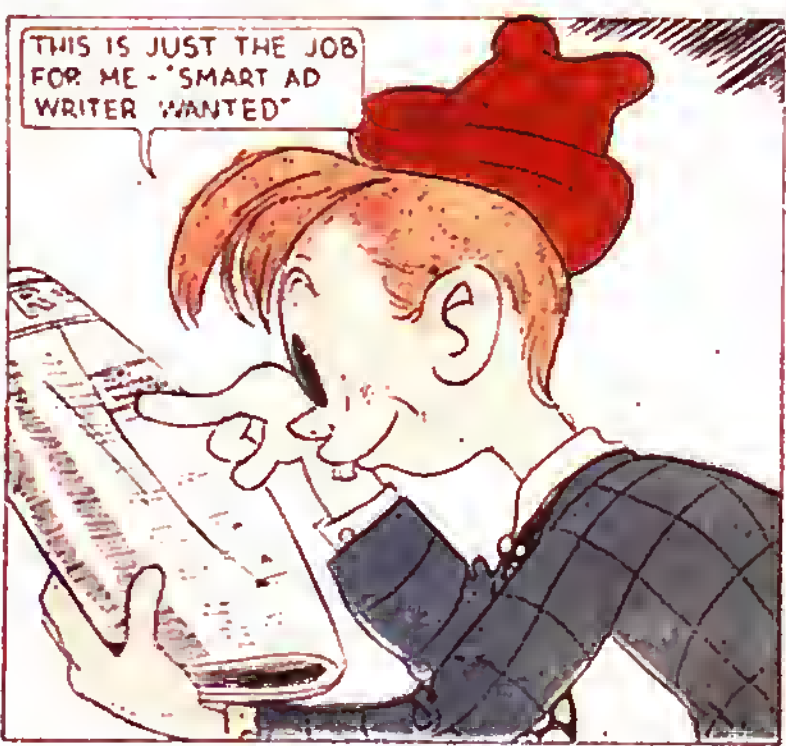
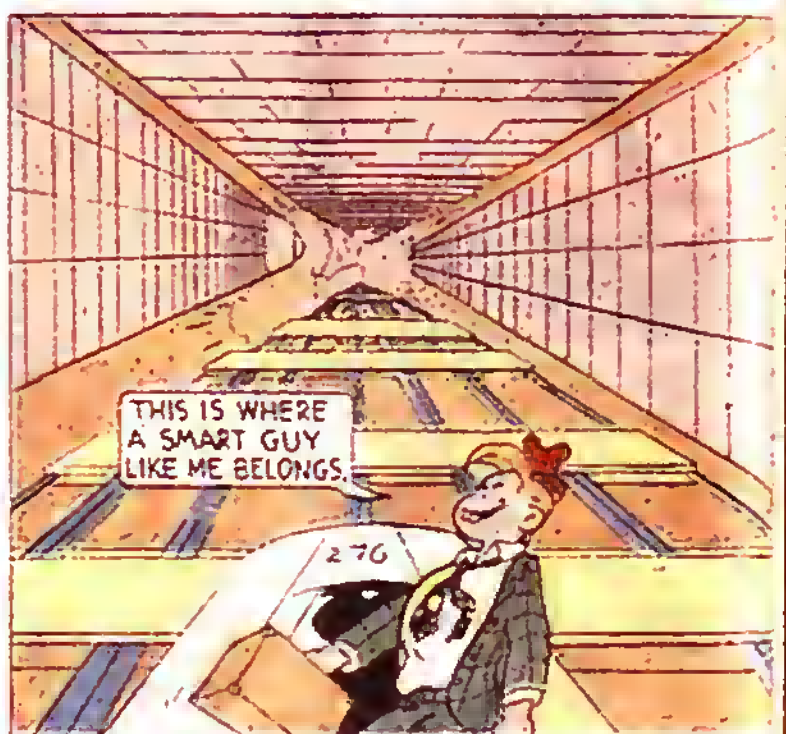
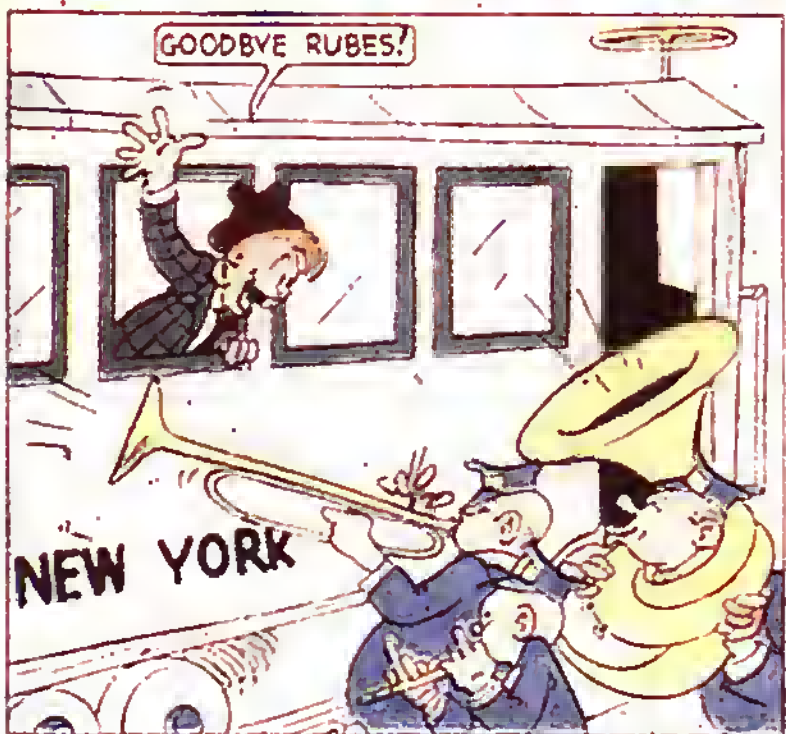
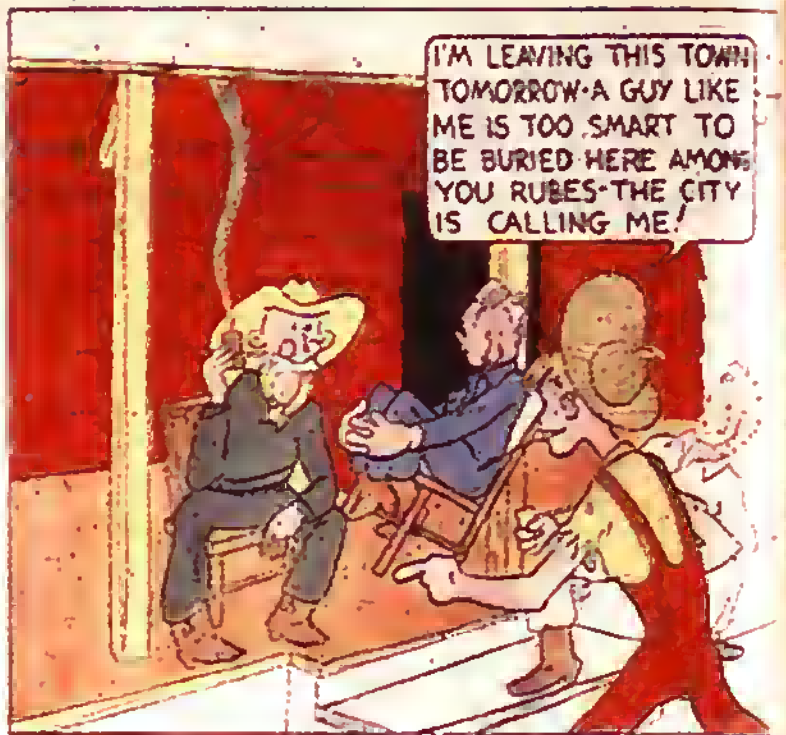
WHEW—
 WOTTA LIFE!

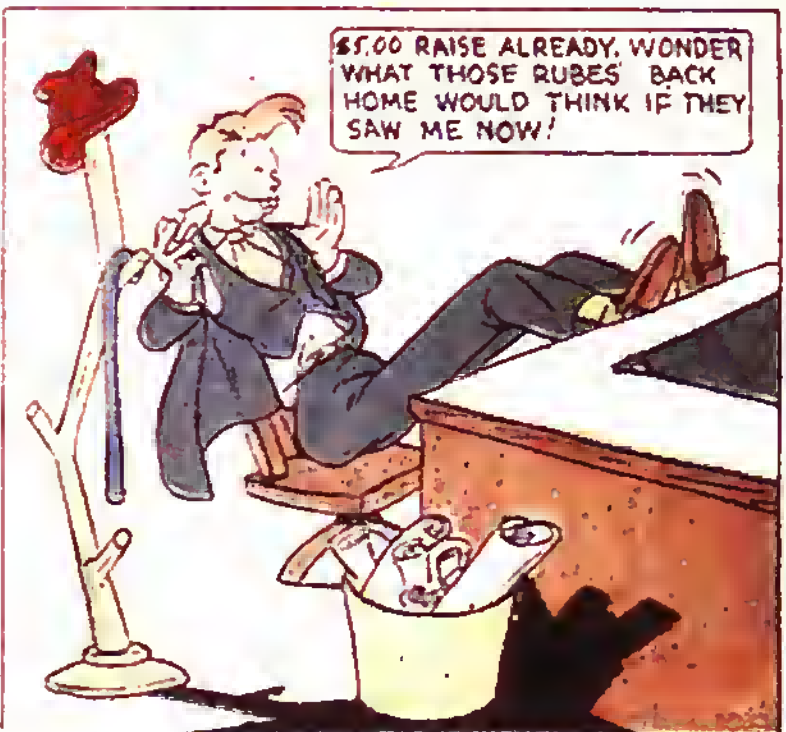
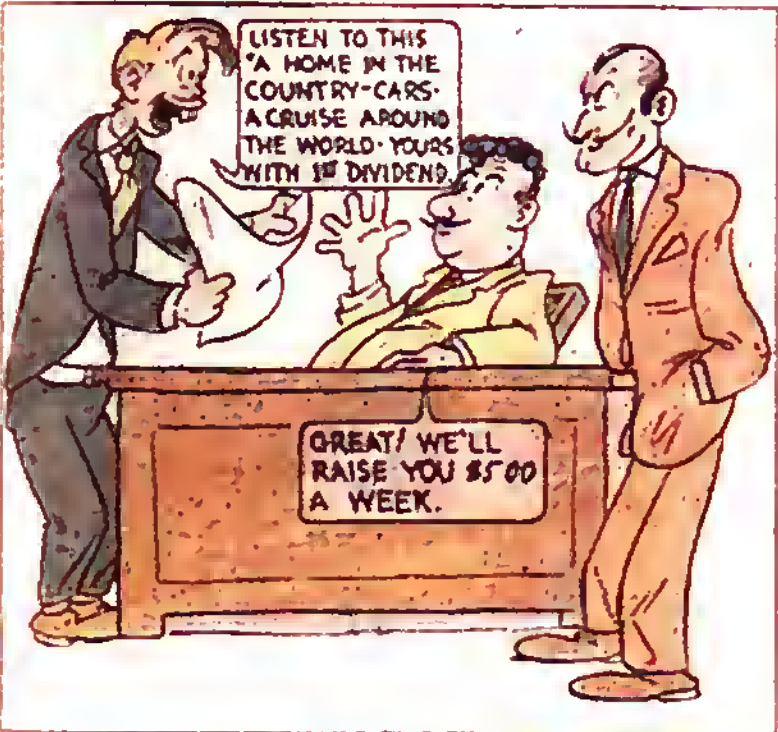
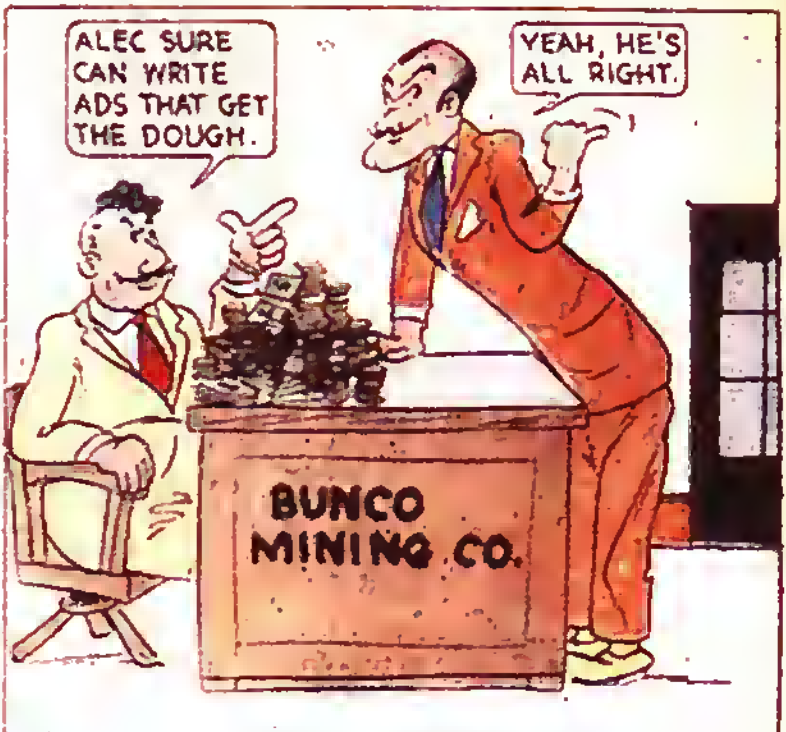
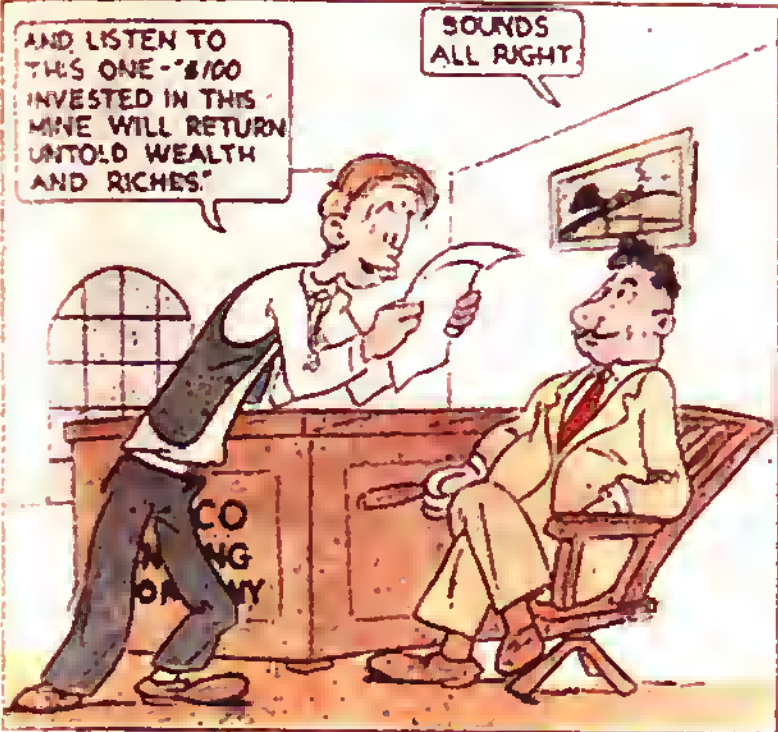


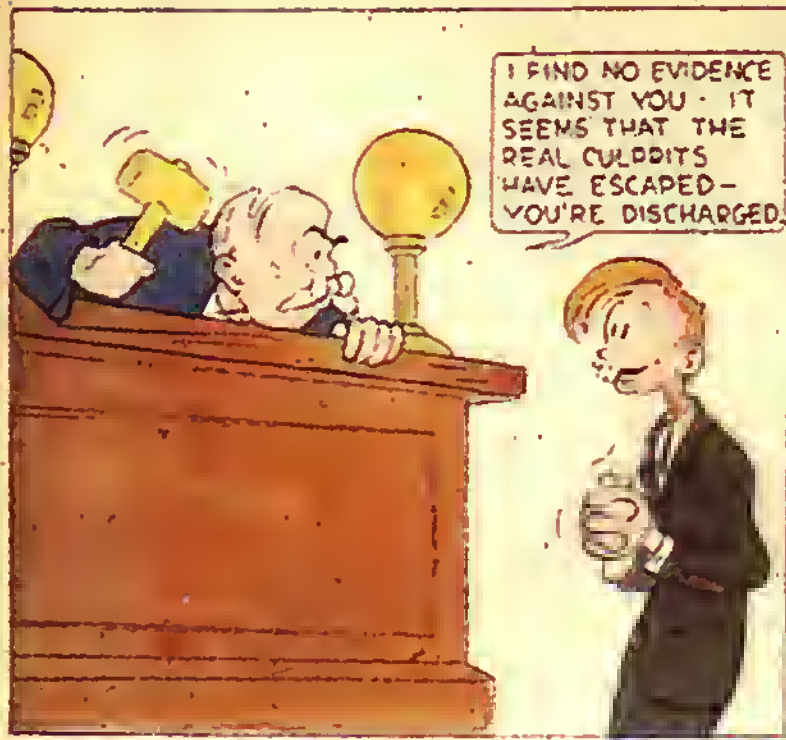
UNCLE SAM MANUFACTURES APPROXIMATELY 11,000,000,000 POSTAGE STAMPS EACH YEAR-

FOR WOOD-

SMART Alec





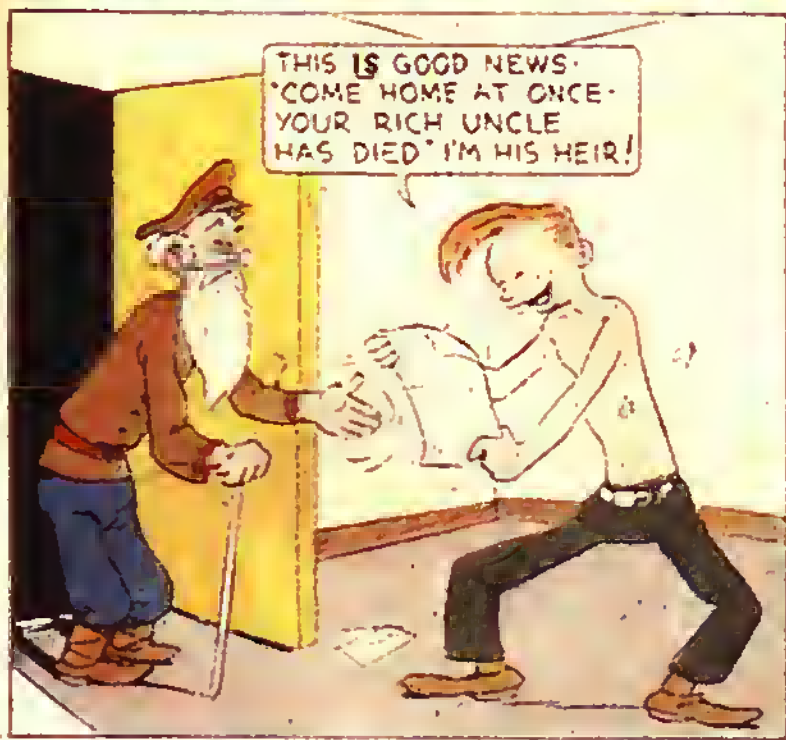


I FIND NO EVIDENCE AGAINST YOU - IT SEEMS THAT THE REAL CULDDITS HAVE ESCAPED - YOU'RE DISCHARGED.



THIS IS TOUGH - OUT OF A JOB - -- COME IN.

KNOK!
KNOK!

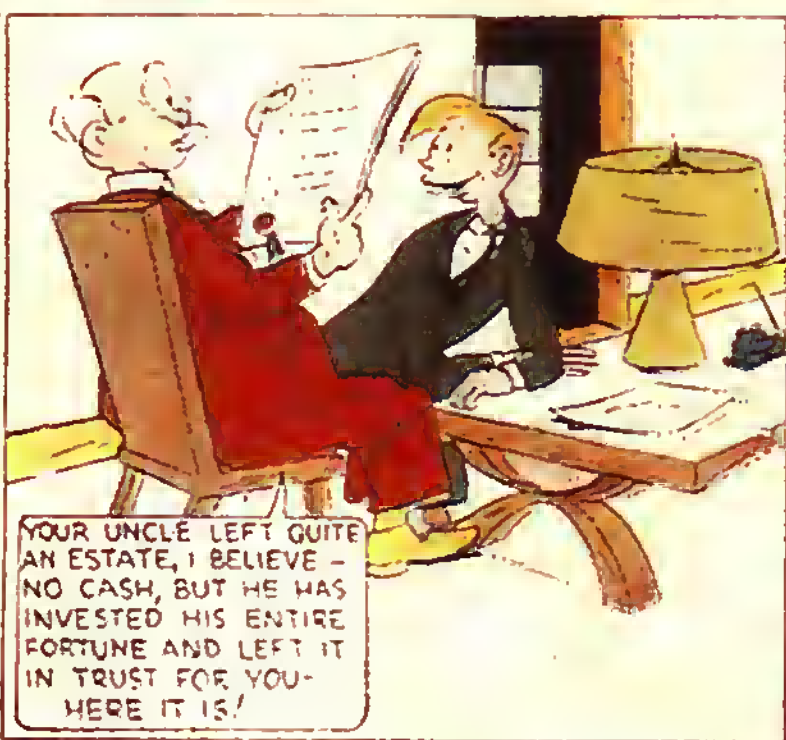


THIS IS GOOD NEWS - 'COME HOME AT ONCE - YOUR RICH UNCLE HAS DIED' I'M HIS HEIR!



IT'S SMART ALEC BACK AGAIN!

ATTOR AT L
WILLS & ESTATE



YOUR UNCLE LEFT QUITE AN ESTATE, I BELIEVE - NO CASH, BUT HE WAS INVESTED HIS ENTIRE FORTUNE AND LEFT IT IN TRUST FOR YOU - HERE IT IS!



BUNKO MINING CO.
50000 SHARES

GOOD MORNIN' JUDGE



YOUR NEIGHBOR CHARGES YOU BEGAN TO CROON A TUNE AT 4 O'CLOCK A.M.

AW-Y'R HONOR, -I WASN'T CROONING, I STUBBED MY TOE IN THE DARK !!



DON'T BURN UP JUDGE.

EXPLAIN WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR CAR THAT YOU WANT THE FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY TO PAY FOR

MY ROADSTER IS INSURED FOR FIRE, AND I BURNED OUT ALL THE BEARINGS!



YOU YOUNG MEN OF TODAY WANT EASY MONEY. DO YOU KNOW WHAT I WAS GETTING WHEN I MARRIED MY WIFE?

NO! AND I'LL BET YOU DIDN'T EITHER, JUDGE.



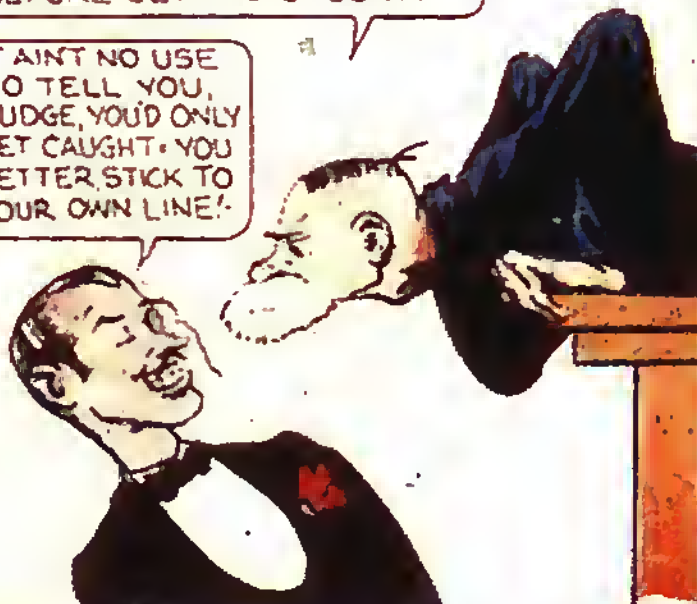
WHEN YOU HEARD A NOISE IN THE STILL OF NIGHT, YOU SAY YOU GOT UP AND SAW A MAN'S LEG UNDER THE BED. THE BURGLAR'S ??

NO MY HUSBAND'S. HE HEARD THE NOISE TOO!

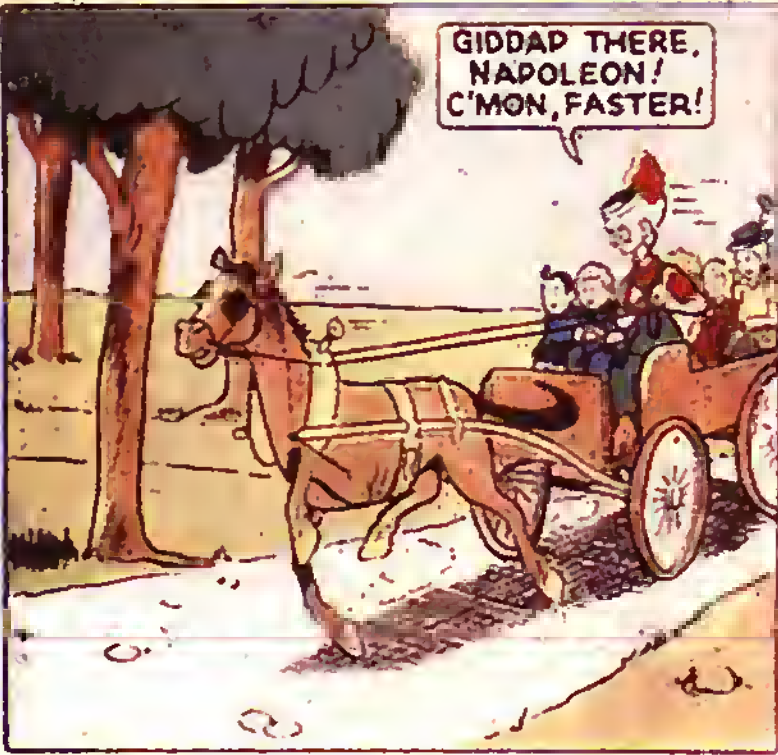
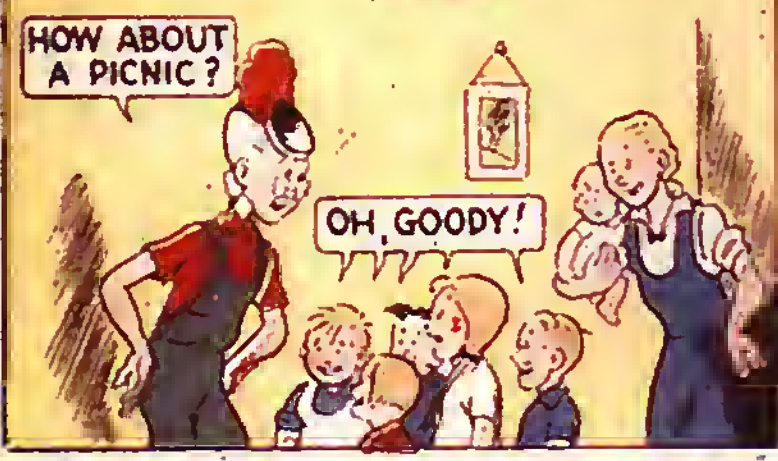


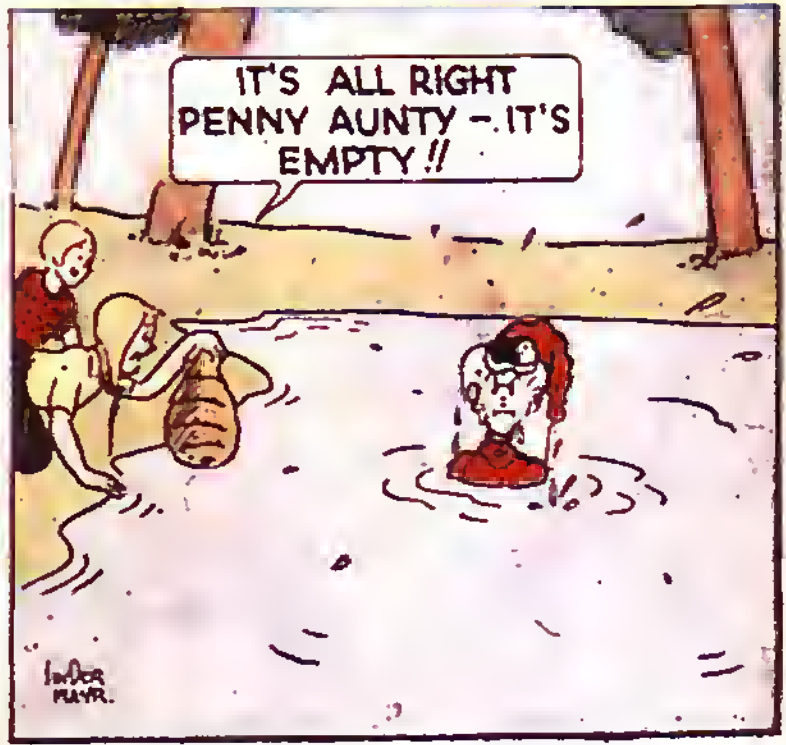
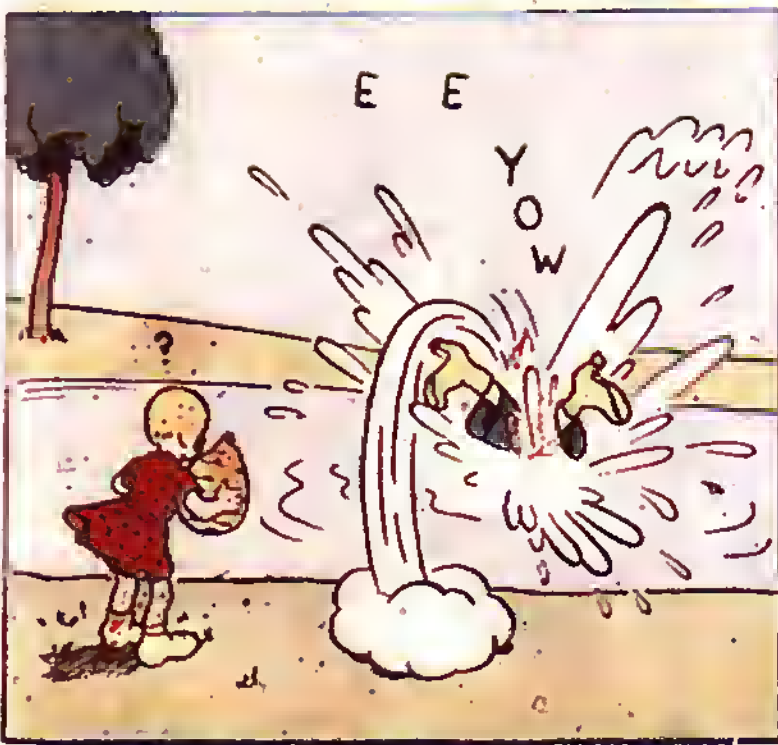
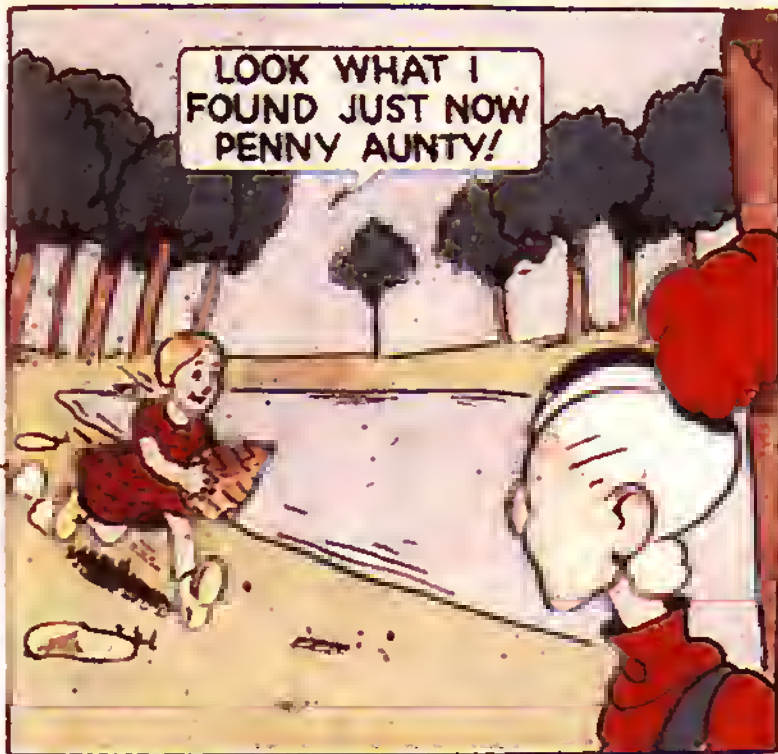
HOW DID YOU MANAGE TO SWINDLE SO MUCH MONEY BEFORE GETTING CAUGHT?

IT AINT NO USE TO TELL YOU, JUDGE, YOU'D ONLY GET CAUGHT. YOU BETTER STICK TO YOUR OWN LINE!



PENNYAUNTY

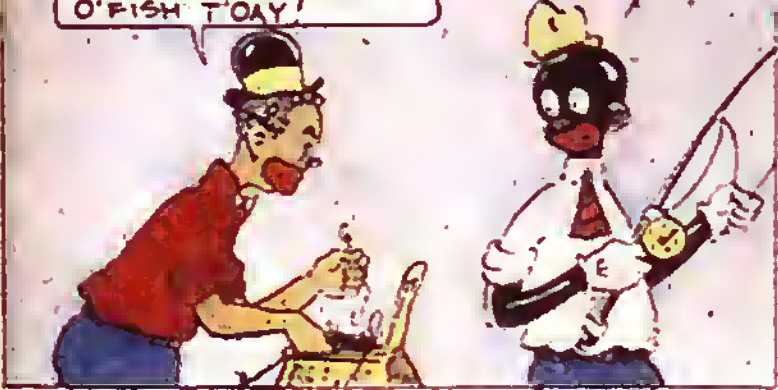




BLACK AND TAN

AH FEELS CONFIDENT AH'LL KETCH PLENTY O' FISH T' DAY!

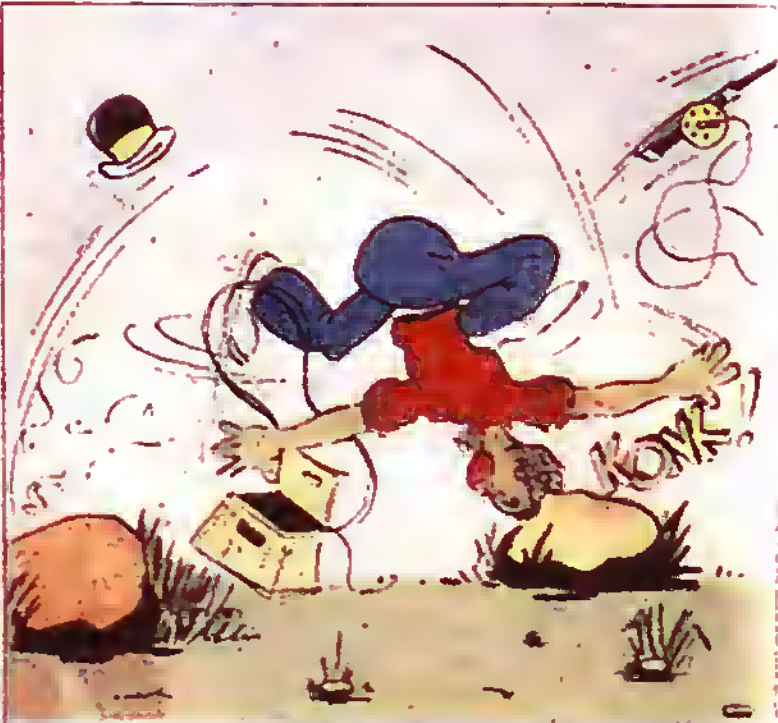
HOW'S DAT, TAN?



AH'S GOT A RABBIT'S FOOT IN MA PANTS POCKET!

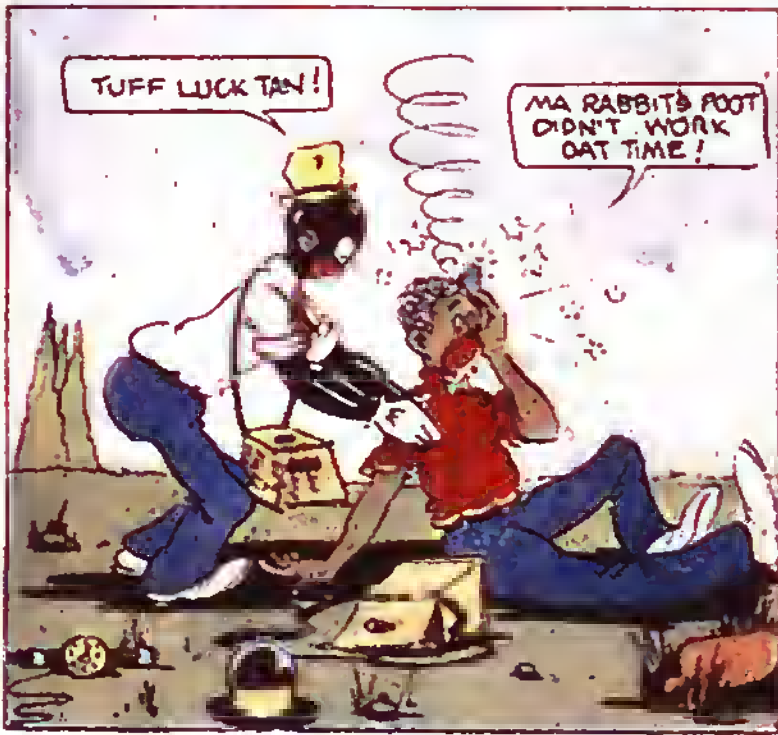


FISH ORTA BE BITIN' GOOD T' DAY-



TUFF LUCK TAN!

MA RABBIT'S FOOT DIDN'T WORK OAT TIME!



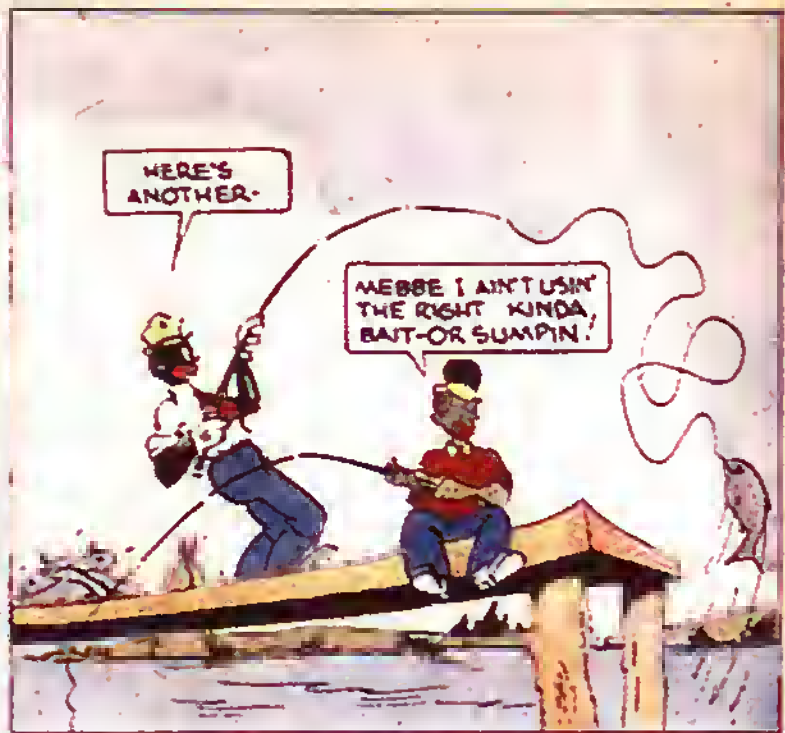
HERE GOES NUTHIN'!

HERE I GO, TOO!



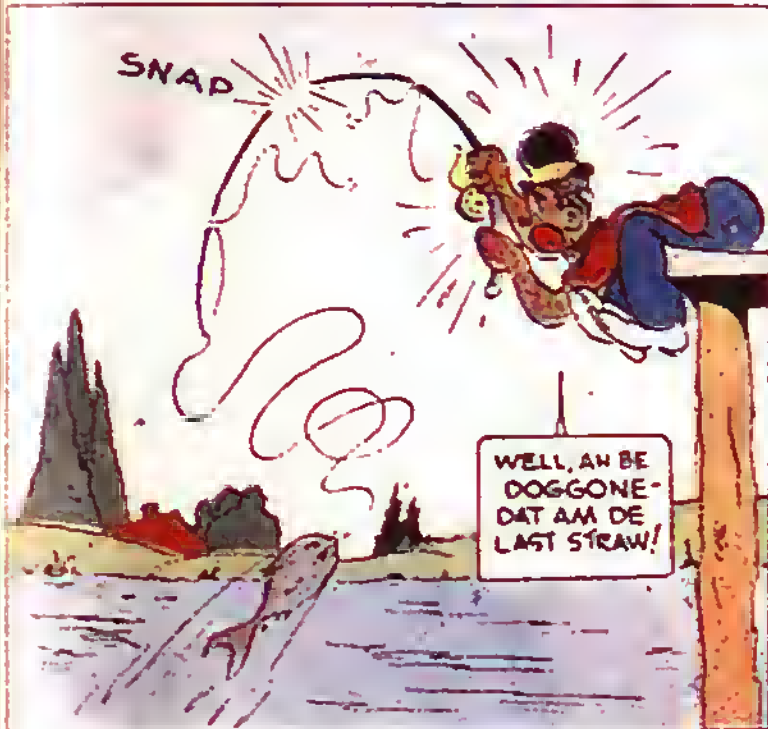


BOY!
LOOKA DAT!!



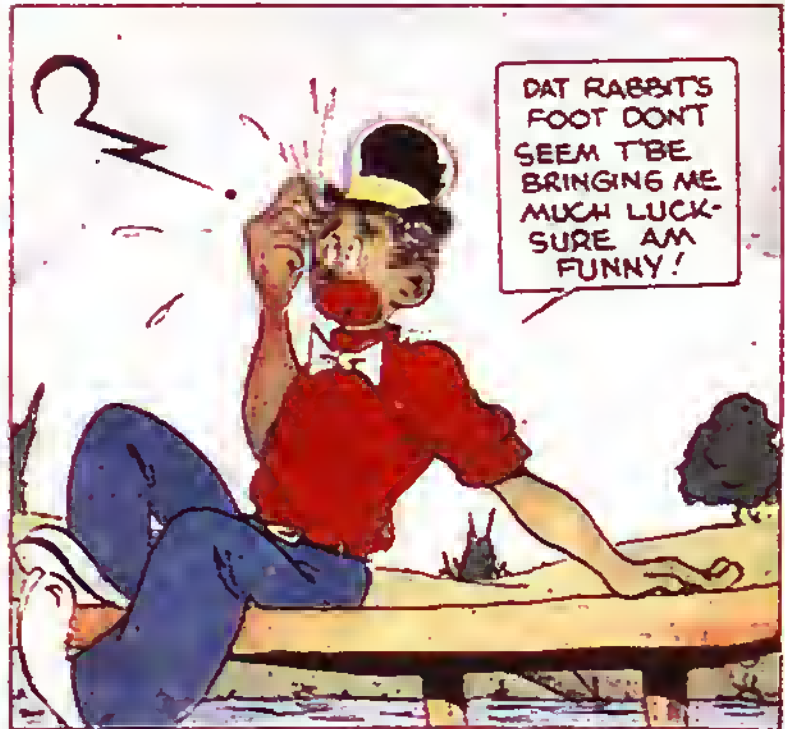
HERE'S ANOTHER-

MEBBE I AINT USIN'
THE RIGHT KINDA
BAIT-OR SUMPIN.'

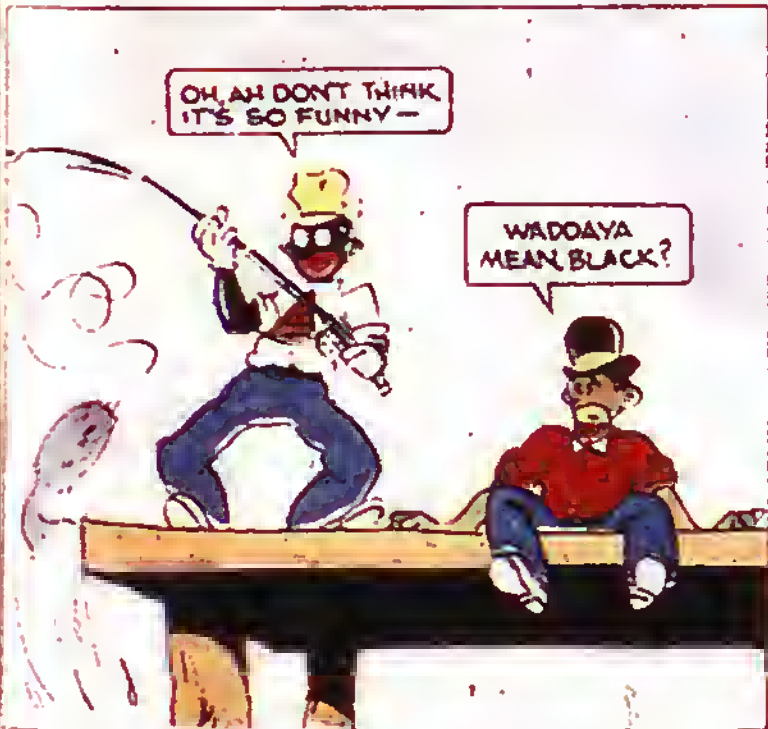


SNAP

WELL, AH BE
DOGGONE-DAT AM DE
LAST STRAW!



DAT RABBITS
FOOT DONT
SEEM T'BE
BRINGING ME
MUCH LUCK-
SURE AM
FUNNY!



OH, AH DONT THINK
IT'S SO FUNNY -

WADOAYA
MEAN, BLACK?



-NUTHIN' MUCH, ONLY -
AH'S WEARIN' YO' PANTS!

DICK THE DETECTIVE



SO YOU'RE A SHORE 'NUFF DETECTIVE NOW EH, DICK?

YUH BET, I JEST GOT MY DIPLOMA AND BADGE.



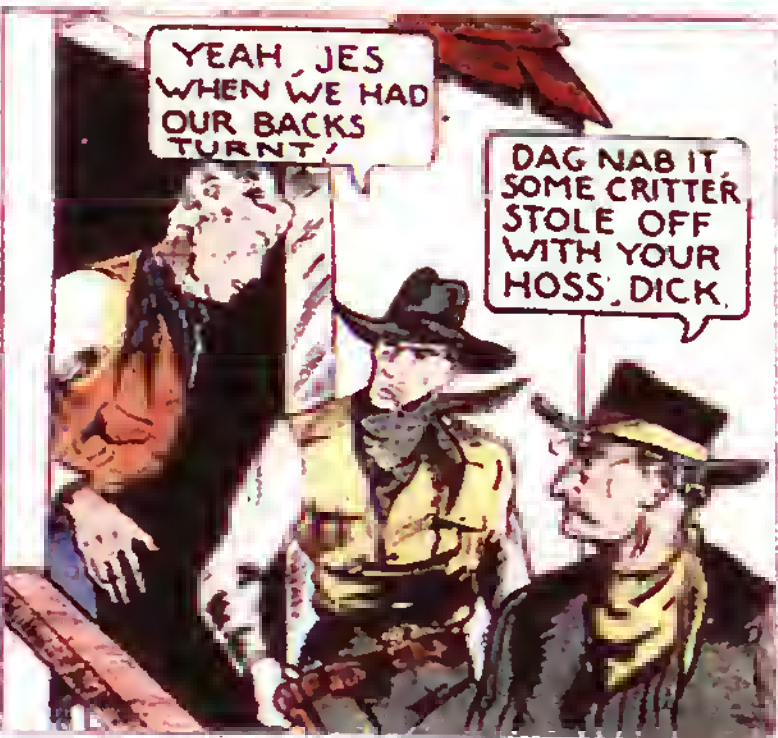
THEM'S DICK'S SUNDAY BOOTS. LET'S HAVE SUM FUN!

BUNK MOUSA

OKAY LEM.



WE'LL SEE EF HE KIN TRAIL HIS OWN BOOTS.



YEAH, JES WHEN WE HAD OUR BACKS TURN!

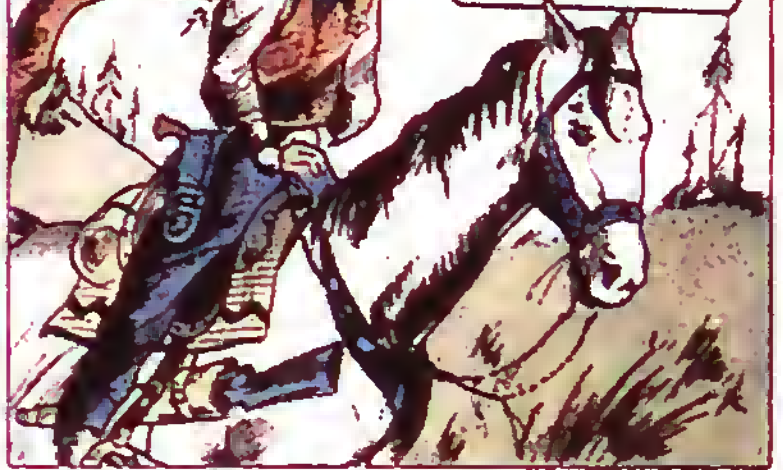
DAG NAB IT, SOME CRITTER STOLE OFF WITH YOUR HOSS, DICK.

THE HOSS THIEF
LEFT A GOOD TRAIL.
I WONT HAVE NO TRO-
UBLE KETCHIN' HIM.

YOU KIN USE
MY HOSS,
DICK.



WONDER WHY
THE COYOTE
DIDNT RIDE THE
HOSS INSTID O'
WALKIN' ALL
THIS WAY.



HUH, LOOKS LIKE HE
TOOK OFF HIS BOOTS
SO'S I COULNT TRAIL
'EM!



MY OWN SUNDAY BOOTS.
HOW IN TARNATION--!!

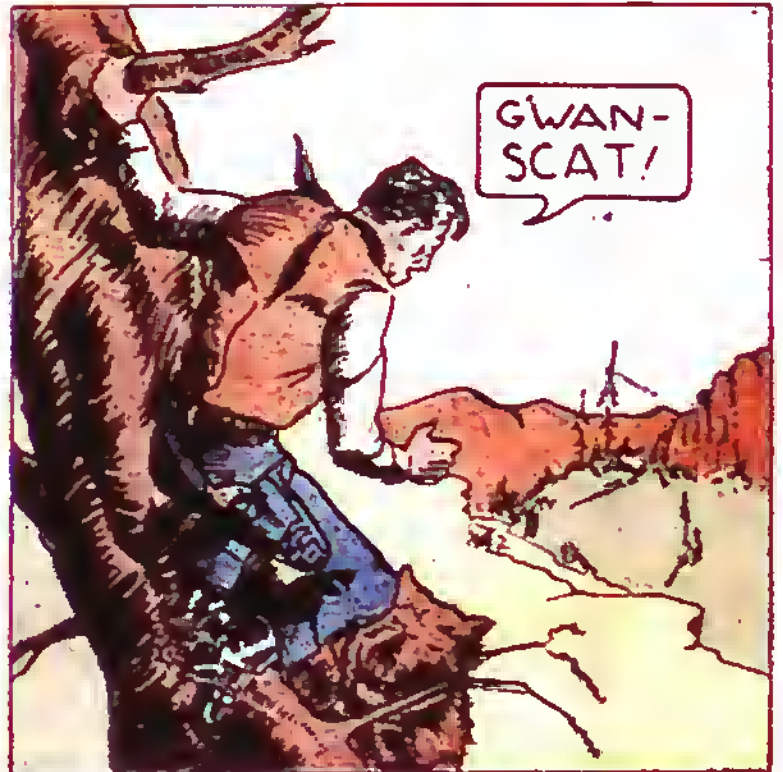


G-R-R-R

BOY'O BOY!



GWAN-
SCAT!



SAY, SMOKEY, DICK'S BEEN GONE A LONG TIME. RECKON WE BETTER FETCH 'IM

YEH, I HEARS JAKE SNIPE, THE OUTLAW IS PROWLIN' ROUND THESE PARTS AGIN. HE MIGHT TANGLE UP WID DICK!



MIGHTY GLAD YUH CAME, PARD. I KIN USE THIS OTHER HOSS, TOO.

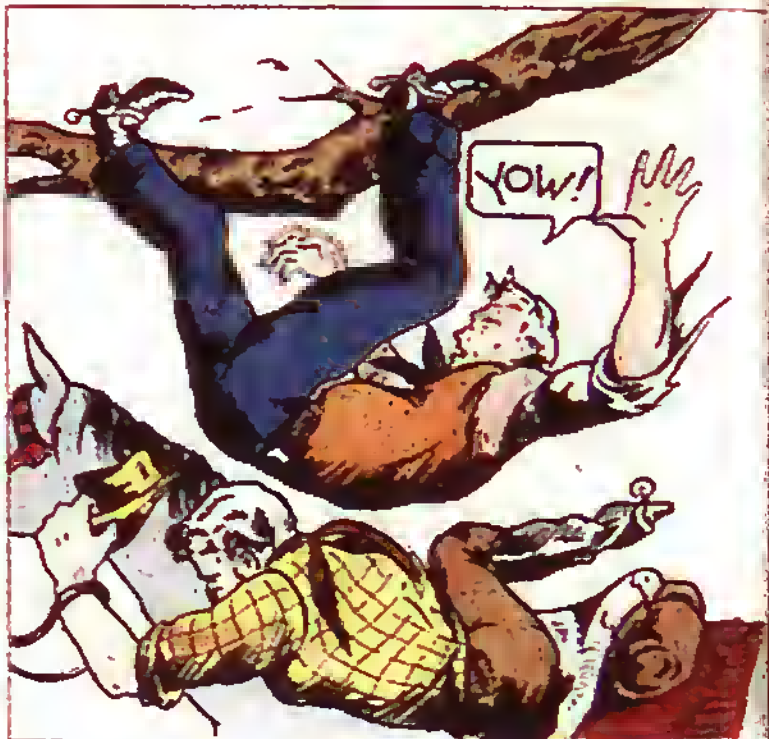
HOW'M I GONNA GIT BACK TO THE RANCH?



DO I HAVE TROUBLES!



YAWONT NEED NO HOSS WHEN THET BEAR GITS DONE WID YA!



YOW!

I BETTER TIE HIM UP 'CAUSE WHEN HE WAKES HE MIGHT GET MAD!



AN' YOU'LL GET A THOUSAND DOLLARS' REWARD, DICK!

WAL, RATTLE MAH BONES EF DICK HAIN'T CAUGHT JACK SNIPE, THE OUTLAW!



GEE!

AARON BURR

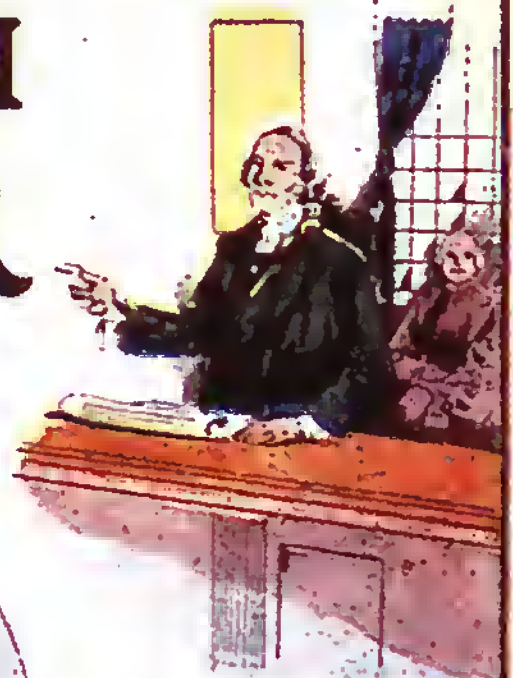


WAS A BRAVE SOLDIER
IN WASHINGTON'S ARMY,
BUT LATER, FOR A REASON
NEVER MADE PUBLIC, LOST
THE GENERAL'S RESPECT.



AARON BURR

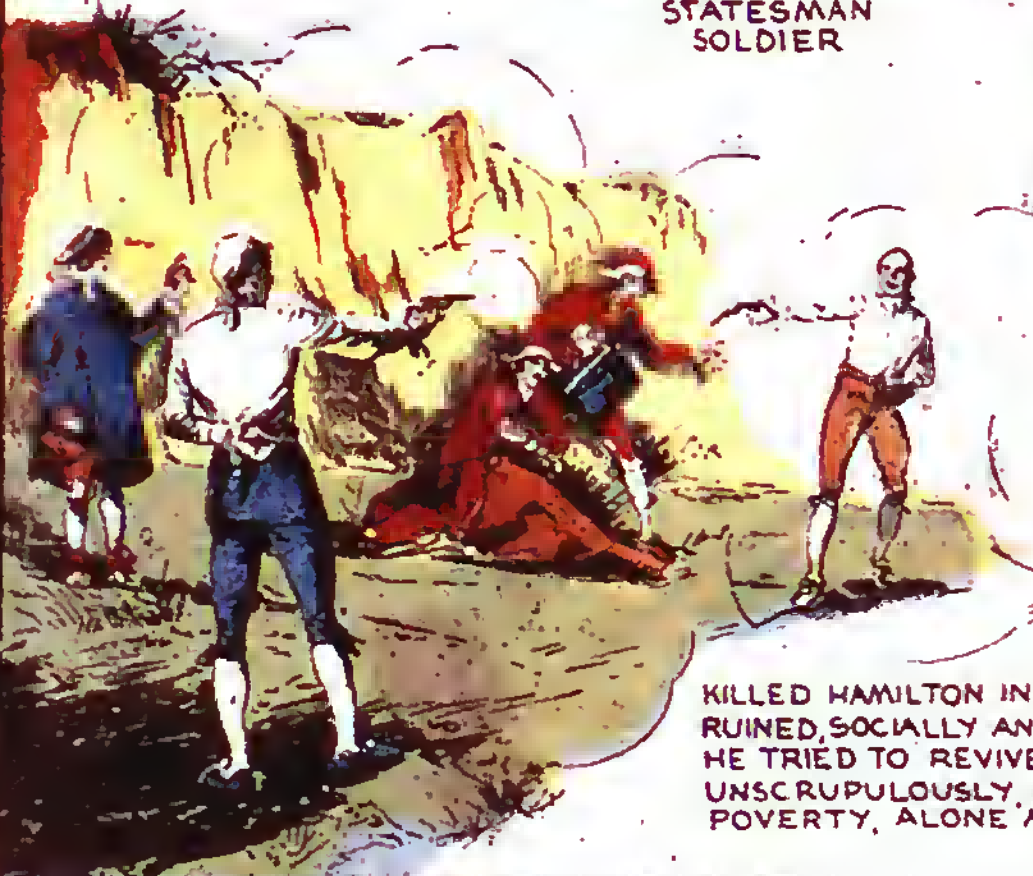
1756 LAWYER ·
 STATESMAN
 SOLDIER 1836



WAS AN ORATOR,
STATESMAN, AND
SCHOLAR THIRD
VICE PRESIDENT
OF THE UNITED STATES.



BOOKS OF LAW ON EACH
SHELF AND TABLE IN
EVERY CORNER OF HIS HOME

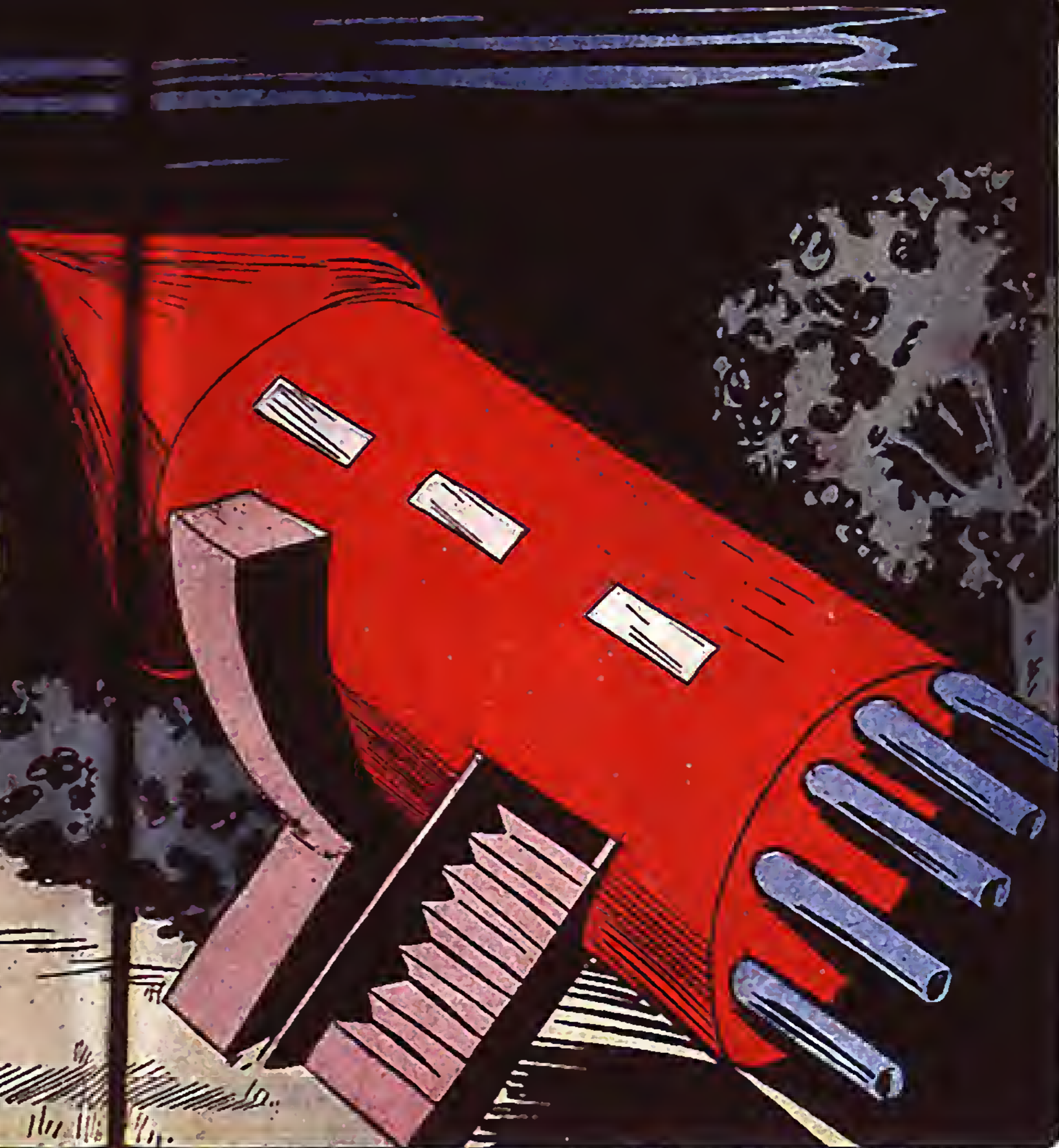


KILLED HAMILTON IN A DUEL.
RUINED, SOCIALLY AND POLITICALLY,
HE TRIED TO REVIVE HIS FORTUNES
UNSCRUPULOUSLY, BUT DIED IN
POVERTY, ALONE AND FORGOTTEN.





"WHEN MY KID WANTS SOMETHING,
HE GETS IT."





JUNGLE GETAWAY

by TOM CURRY

Even when he heard the descending plane's roar, Tad Martin didn't realize why Sargus had had the diamond miners clear a "football field." Martin had been puzzled by it, because Sargus and his pal, Juan Gomez, the slinky breed, didn't know the first thing about football. Yet they had been furious because Martin had refused to cut trees and level ground with them, that he wanted to save his energy.

Forty miners craned necks as the flashing red biplane circled into the wind and landed, drawing to a stop on Sargus's bumpy field. Sargus, a heavy-set giant, with thick black brows and a bull jaw, stood beside Gomez. Sargus was a hully; Martin, tow-haired, broad of shoulder and lean-waisted, had not yet come to physical blows with him; it was a question of keen interest as to which one would win in a rough-and-tumble scrap.

Tad's face showed the strain of hard work in digging diamonds from the Brazilian wilderness, four hundred miles up the Araguaia river in the heart of the unexplored Matto Grosso. The only avenue in and out was the river—or the air.

The aviators wore goggles, flying jumpers. The tall pilot, with seamed red skin and buck teeth, grinned. "Howdy, gents," he growled, and drew an automatic pistol from his pocket.

His stocky pal followed suit. "We've come to collect your diamonds," the pilot said.

The rough miners gasped. Two, swifter than the others, turned to run toward the brush shacks. They found themselves facing Sargus and Gomez, pistols on them. "Shell out," bawled Sargus. A big miner cursed, took a step toward Sargus, who pulled his trigger. The miner went down with a screech of anguish, shot in the stomach. His writhings quelled resistance among his comrades.

Tad was caught in the mob. Hands up as the four thieves gave quick orders. Martin had been among the first to reach the diggings, and he had forty thousand dollars in rough stones cached in his brush-and-mud shack.

"Snap into it, Gomez," yelled Sargus. And the feline breed, with his thin face and slinky hody, began to weave in and out among the throng, taking sacks of diamonds, weapons, money, stuffing them into a canvas duffel bag.

Sargus said, when Gomez had finished his collection, "Keep a gun on them—kill anyone who moves, Gomez. I know where there's a lot more, boys." He picked up the duffel bag and ran to Martin's hut.

Tad cursed, took a step forward. He saw his long labor gone for nothing, his sweating in the muck, washing diamonds from the moun-

rain torrent that fed into the river a mile below. Gomez had plainly spied on him, seen him when he added to his store, had told Sargus about the cache.

"Hey, you," growled the big-toothed flyer, and a bullet tore within an inch of the moving Martin, buried into the head of old Harveson, a favorite in the camp. Harveson fell dead.

The furious miners were cowed. Sargus appeared at the door of Martin's shack, tossed out a bulging duffel bag. "Here it is, Franks," he shouted, and then ducked back out of sight.

"Bring it here, hurry, we can't hold this mob forever," yelled Franks, the big-toothed pilot.

Sargus did not answer. Franks edged around the hunch of miners, whose emotion was fast getting the better of caution. Martin was urging his neighbors to help him put up a fight. Franks, gun up threateningly, reached the bag, picked it up. "Sargus, you fool—come on. We're going—"

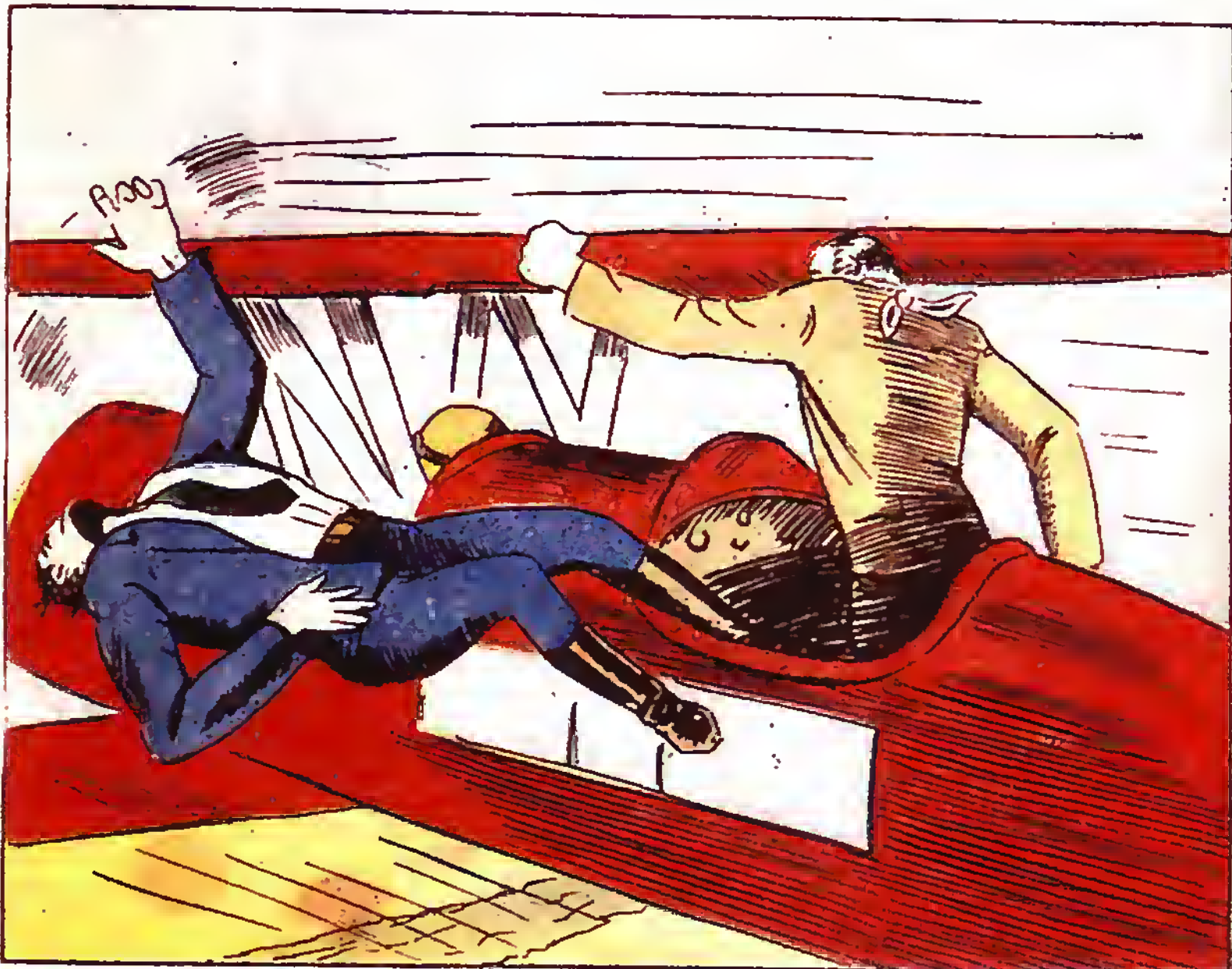
No reply. Gomez, shivering in his yellow boots, called shrilly to his master. The other flyer licked nervous lips as the miners' growls grew angrier, louder; the pack surged forward. Franks fired, wounding a man in the front rank. This stopped the mob for a minute, gave the trio a chance to reach the plane. The motor was idling, as they climbed in, Gomez taking the rear cockpit.

Tad Martin was beside himself. He saw all his hopes going into the air in that duffel bag of loot. For months he had slaved in the steaming, insect-ridden bush to gain his small fortune. Gone were his dreams of riches. Martin pushed to the front of the cursing miners, as the plane began to move. Gomez, head just visible in the rear pit, fired wildly at the bunched men.

Martin ran in, close to the tail, where Gomez could not see him because of the bulge behind the seat. The two flyers were out of sight in the control pit ahead. Tad threw his long body across the fuselage. The plane gained speed, began rising. It climbed steadily, clearing the trees—Sargus's football field had done its work.

Martin crawled along the fuselage, the violent rush of wind in his face. He could just see the top of Gomez's oily black hair. The roaring motor killed all other noises.

Strength surged through Martin's powerful arms as he came within striking distance of Gomez. He reached in, his vise-like fingers grasping the breed's slim neck. Gomez gave one strangled cry, unheard over the motor. His liquid eyes turned up, nearly popped from his head when he recognized Martin. He tried to swing around the pistol he held in his hand but Martin snatched at it, jerking Gomez out



of his seat. He hit Gomez a sudden sharp blow in the teeth; the plane was shaking with vibration, as Gomez, clear of the pit, fell back, legs sprawling in the air. Martin saw the scared look on the breed's face as Gomez slid off the fuselage and went dropping like a plummet to the jungle below.

Pistol in hand, Martin stood erect on the seat. He leaned forward, looked over into the forward pit. The wind blew furiously against his body, as he jammed his gun against the back of Franks' head. The big-toothed pilot swung, thinking it was Gomez poking him. He went white as he saw Tad's determined, rage-twisted face.

"Take her back or I'll drill you," shouted Martin.

The stocky pilot went for his gun, which he had put in its holster, thinking himself safe in the air. Martin fired once; the thief crashed forward, and the ship lunged crazily. Franks pulled his stick, circled, and swept back toward the camp, in surrender.

At the diamond camp, when the red plane bumped down on the field, the miners rushed to the machine; it had not come to a stop before they were dragging out the pilots, punching and kicking Franks, rolling the wounded man over and over.

"Where's our diamonds?" howled a miner.

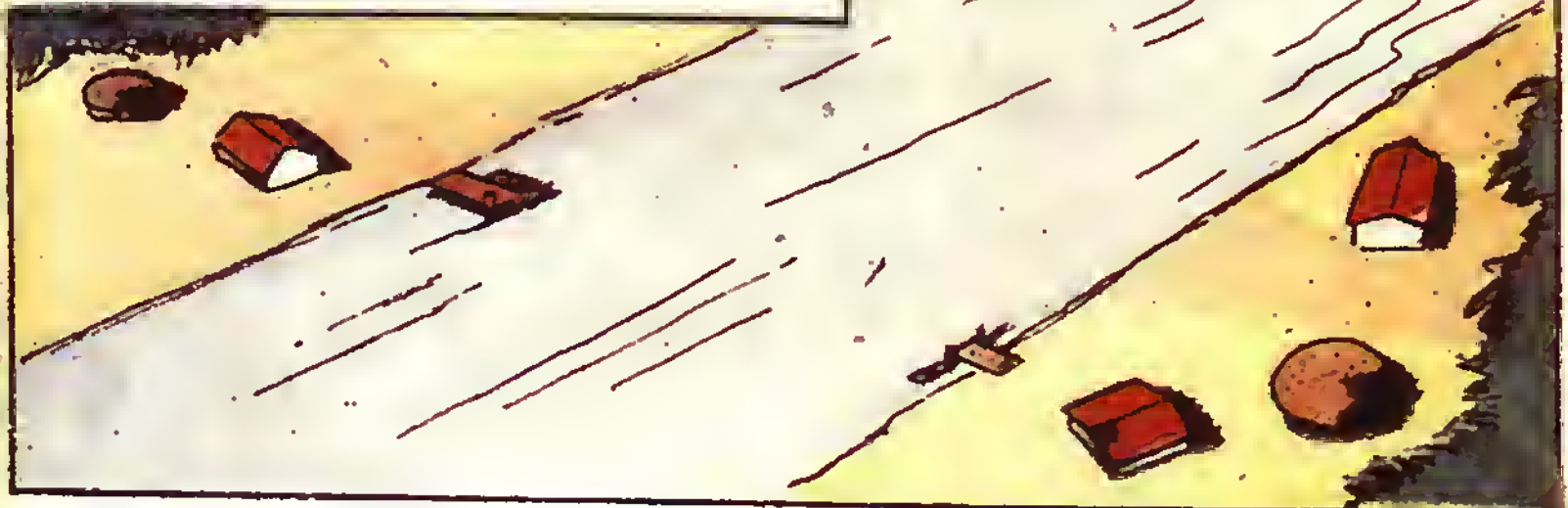
Martin grasped the duffel bag from under the seat. "Here it is," he cried, tossing it out, jumping after it.

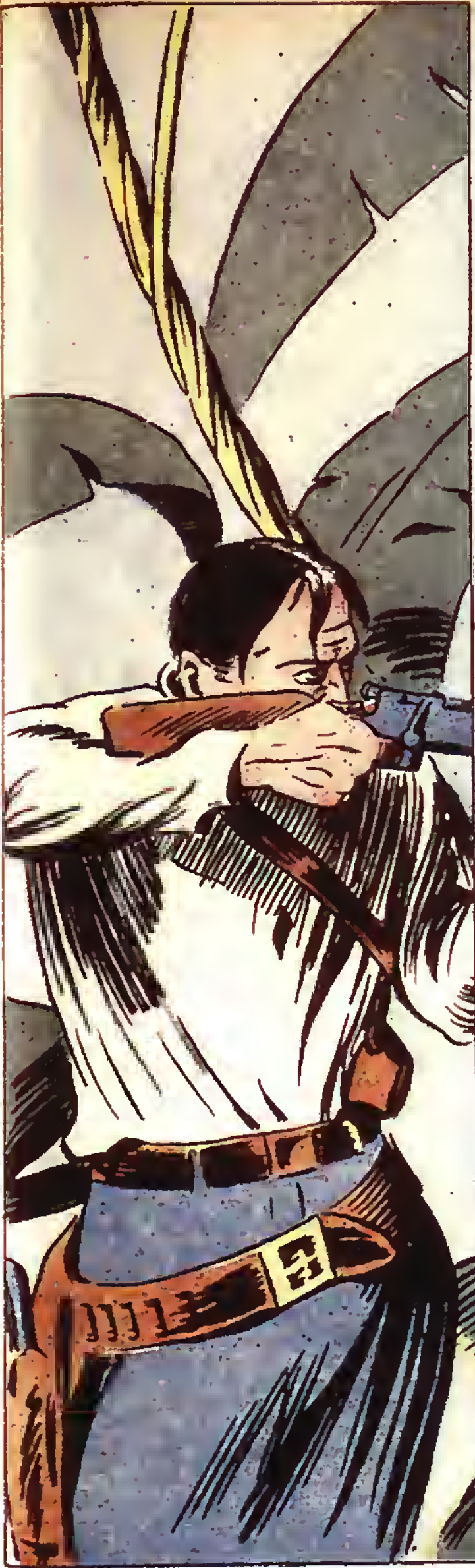
The bag was quickly opened. A roar of amazed rage rose as tin cans, old shoes, personal junk, spewed from the draw-mouth. "Why," Martin gasped, "that's my outfit!"

"You got the wrong sack," a man cried.

But there was no other duffel bag in the red plane. The impatient miners practically took the machine to pieces hunting. Franks, face bloody and puffed from his beating, suddenly growled, "That guy Martin tossed the diamonds out, meaning to get them himself."

The excited miners swung on Tad. His protests were in vain, suspicion directed at him. The others did not attack him but drew away from him for a whispered confabulation. Martin was shocked when his partner, Billy Wilson, went with them. They half believed what the vicious Franks said, that Martin had dropped the bag to pick it up later for himself.





Martin strode over to his shack. He found that his bunk had been moved; the cache hole where he had kept his treasure was empty. Calmer now, he tried to figure what had happened. A hiss from the rear of the hut sent his eyes that way; Billy Wilson crawled in under the smashed wall there. His face working in excitement:

"Tad—they're going to string you up, try to scare you into telling where that loot is—they think you may know."

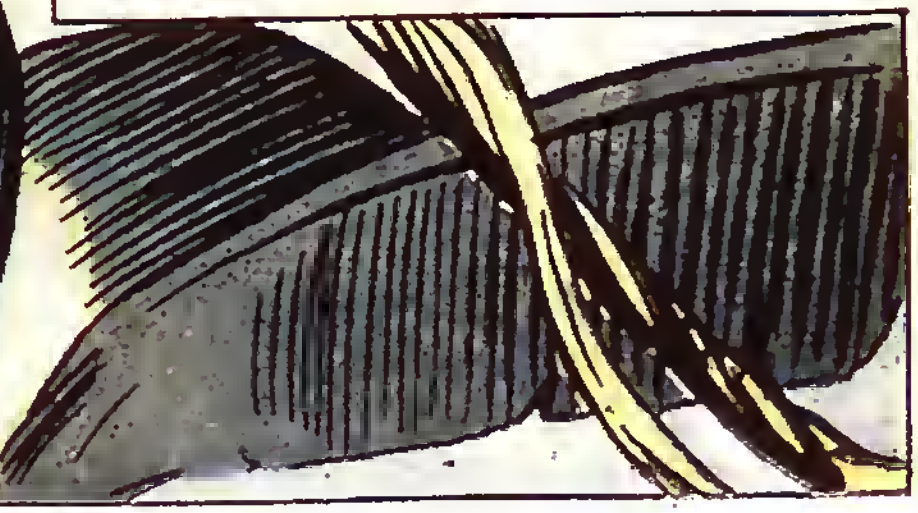
Martin's jaw set hard. He stared at the hole through which Wilson had come; it was a fresh opening. He had a gun but did not wish to use it on the excited miners. He stepped past Wilson, crawled out under the shack. He was hidden from the clearing, and was almost at once buried in the thick brush. He began to run swiftly, along a faint trail.

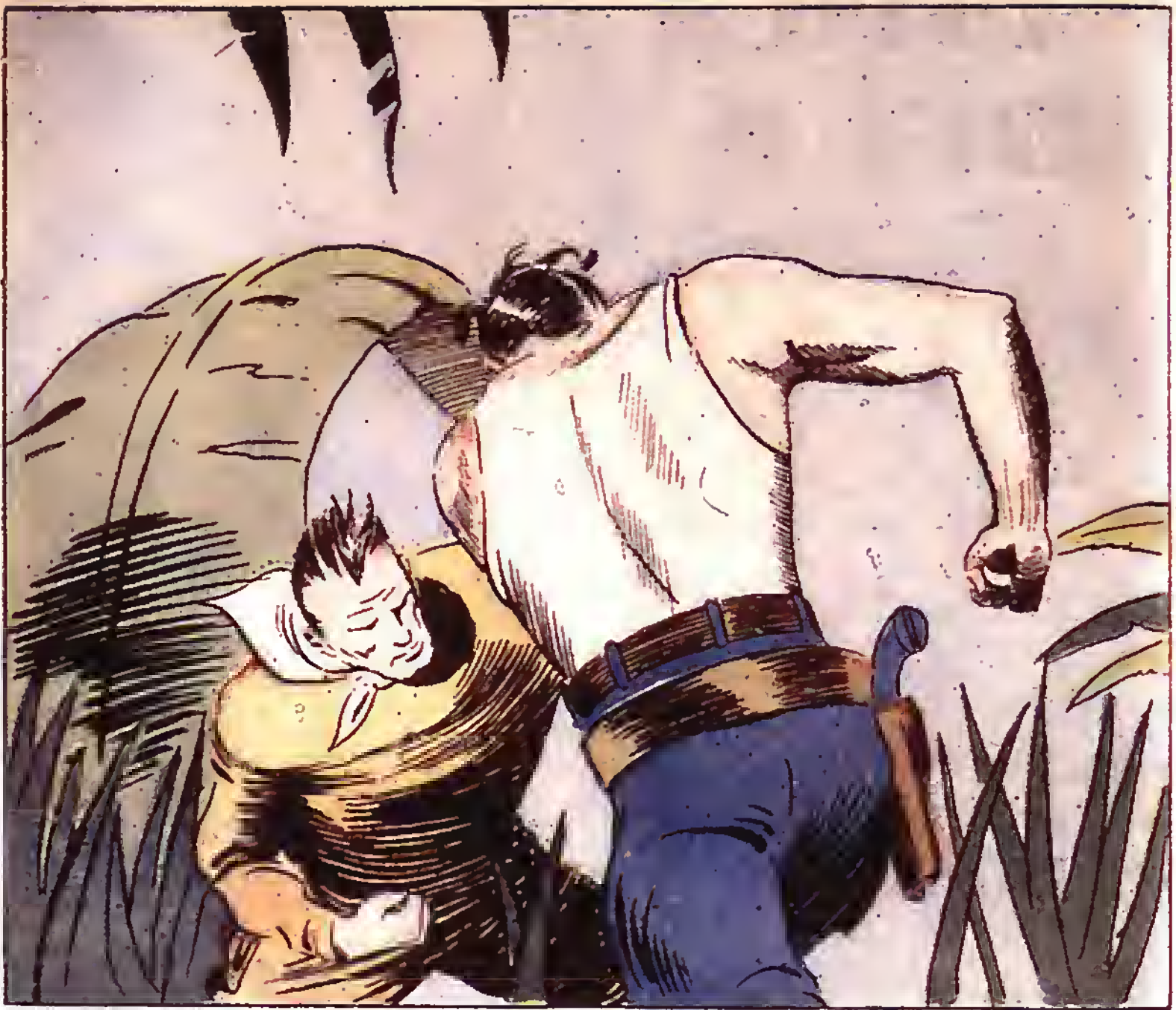
Twenty minutes later he stood on the bank of the Aragua, where several canoes were drawn up. The sun streamed in the strip above the river. He set about launching his own craft. Sargus, late comer that he was, had made an error in that carefully laid plot of his. It was a joker Martin held.

After an hour's run downstream, Martin rounded a bend, and saw Sargus ahead. The giant's dark face glared back at him as Sargus, knowing he was caught, swung his dugout in, paddling toward the right bank. The big thief dropped his paddle and threw up a rifle, fired. The slug whanged viciously past Martin's low-bent head. Tad sent a shot with his pistol, that hit the gunwale of Sargus's canoe. The shock startled Sargus so that he jerked back off balance, and the narrow canoe capsized, throwing Sargus into the water. Sargus began swimming.

Martin steered his craft in, eagerly looking for the duffel bag among the floating debris from the upturned canoe. But he did not see it; the current swept the canoe down. He wanted to get to the canoe, but Sargus had turned, come up behind him. Martin was jerked back as Sargus seized his gunwale and tipped him over. As he came up, blowing for air, Sargus hit him with a giant fist, got his arm around his throat, shutting off his wind. But Martin, treading water, reached around, seized Sargus's long black hair, and turned a complete somersault that threw Sargus off.

Gators slid off the sandspits nearby. But





the two enemies fought on, at physical grips for the first time, each feeling satisfaction in the punishment he gave the other. Sargus spat out water, raised his clubbed fist, smashed it down on Martin's head. Martin went under, but came up, seized the extended arm, drawing Sargus to him. Sargus twisted like a fighting alligator but Martin held on, punching the bearded face, driving his knees into the belly.

The current sucked them toward shore. Martin pushed Sargus under, but the giant's feet hit bottom and he shoved violently up, broke away, lashed toward the bush-fringed bank. Martin followed. The two were on their feet now, and the big man swung a wild blow at Tad, who ducked, and countered with a terrific uppercut that caught Sargus on the chin and snapped his black head back between his shoulders. Sargus fell with a grunt; Martin was on him, shoving his face under, keeping him there. Sargus fought to rise but Martin was on top, had the advantage of the precious air. He held Sargus under until the giant suddenly stopped fighting.

Martin dragged his unconscious enemy

toward shore. He left him in the shallows, turned to follow Sargus's canoe, beached on a spit below. Martin waded and swam to it, righted it: tied under the bow was the duffel bag he wanted. Opening it, Martin knew he had recovered his own diamonds and the valuables of his comrades.

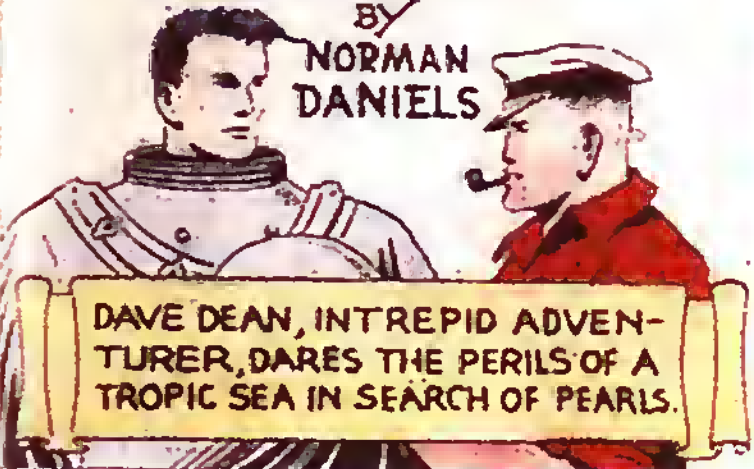
The sun was red over the jungle as canoes, Wilson among them, paddled down. Martin hailed them joyfully, waving the sack.

"Sargus planned it way ahead," Martin told them. "The 'football' field was for his pals to land on. He ran into my shack, got my diamonds, which Gomez had spied out, and then tossed out my duffel of junk—one bag look-like another, they're standard articles. Sargus doublecrossed his crooked friends, meaning to keep all the plunder himself. He ducked out the back of my hut into the bush, made the river.


"But there was one thing he didn't count on—he was a late-comer to camp. He didn't know I had an outboard canoe motor cached in oiled silk at the river landing, which made it easy for me to catch up with him!"

DEVIL OF THE DEEP

BY
NORMAN DANIELS



DAVE DEAN, INTREPID ADVENTURER, DARES THE PERILS OF A TROPIC SEA IN SEARCH OF PEARLS.



WHAT IF THEM NATIVES ARE RIGHT AND THERE IS GHOSTS IN THESE WATERS ?

YOU'RE GOING NATIVE YOURSELF WATER GHOSTS-HUMPH ! I'M LOOKING FOR PEARLS.



I'D FEEL BETTER IF WING PO WASN'T ON THAT SHIP !


WHAT CAN HE DO ? HE HAS NO DIVING EQUIPMENT. STOP WORRYING !



DOWN YOU GO AND GOOD LUCK ! IF YOU SEE ANYTHING, SIGNAL AND I'LL PULL YOU UP !



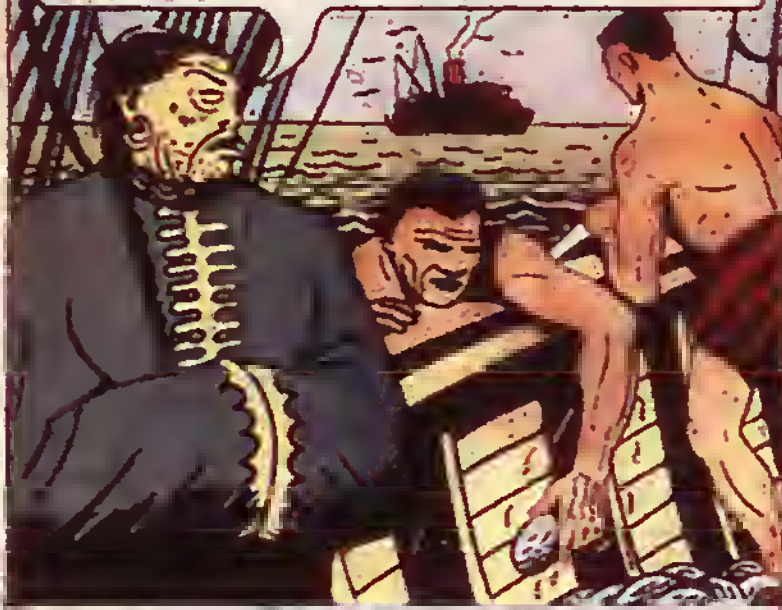
THE FOOL ! MAY THE DEVILS OF THE DEEP TAKE HIM !



MAYBE IF I GET CLOSE -

NEVER MIND HIM. FIND ME PEARLS ! WE SHALL TAKE CARE OF HIM LATER.

AH / YET COULD THEY BUT CUT THAT AIR HOSE, ALL THESE PEARLS WOULD BE MINE !



HE'S NICE LOOKING, PHIL, I SAW HIM THROUGH THE GLASSES, AND HE MUST BE BRAVE TO DIVE LIKE THAT.



SORRY, JANE, I CAN'T SEE IT. MY COUSIN WAS DROWNED IN THIS SPOT. I ALONE WAS SAVED WHEN HIS SHIP SANK.

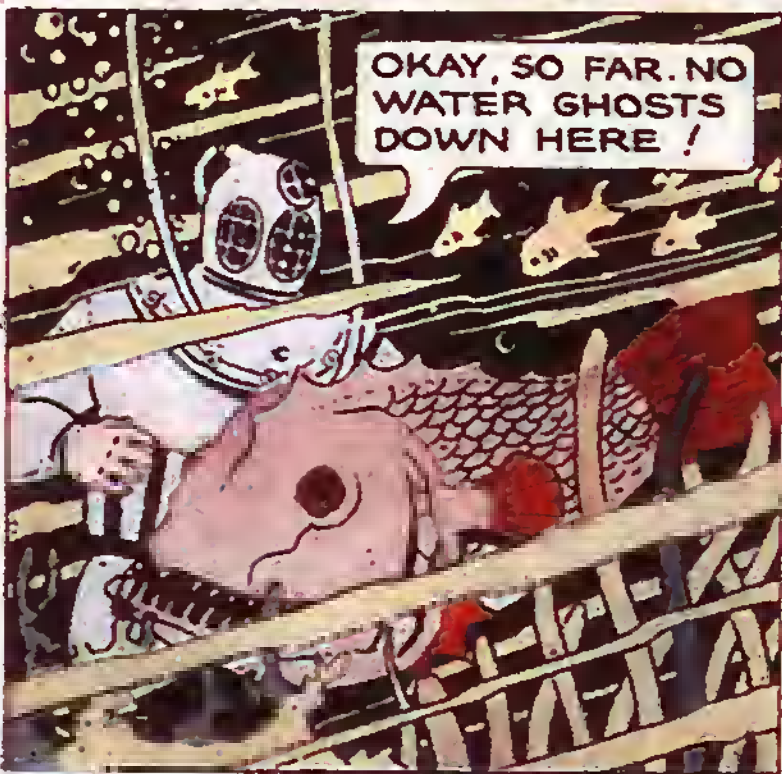
OH - I'M TERRIBLY SORRY, PHILIP !



BUT HE IS GOOD LOOKING AND I HOPE I CAN MEET HIM.



OKAY, SO FAR. NO WATER GHOSTS DOWN HERE !



HELLO ! WHAT'S THIS ?



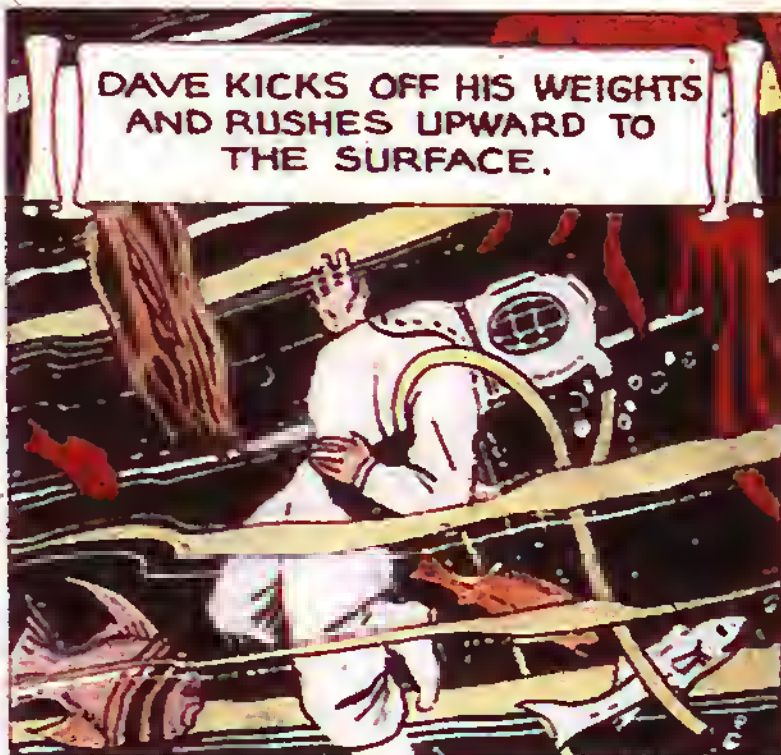
A WEIRD MENACE HOVERS NEAR



MY AIR HAS BEEN CUT-OFF!

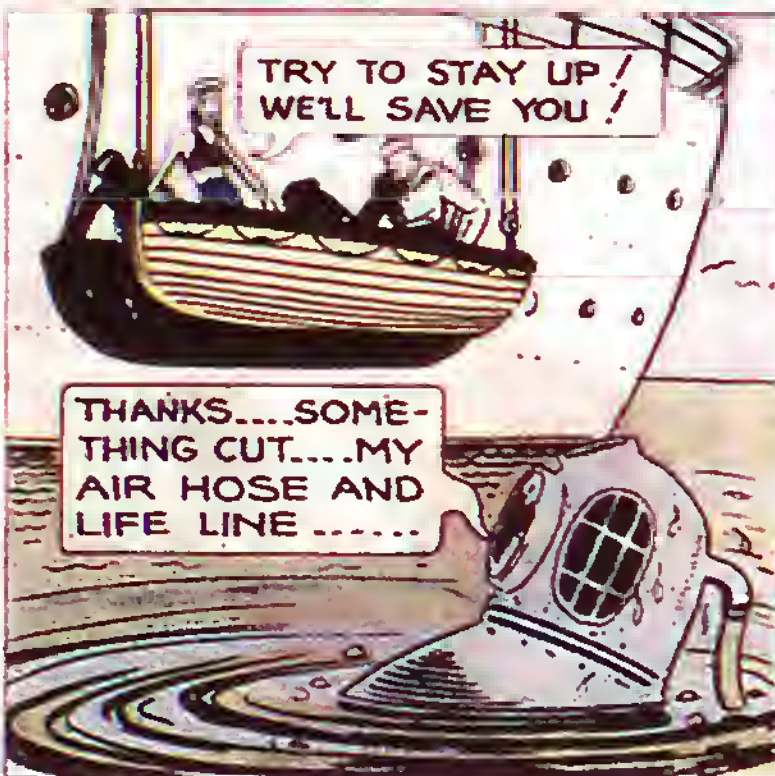


DAVE KICKS OFF HIS WEIGHTS AND RUSHES UPWARD TO THE SURFACE.



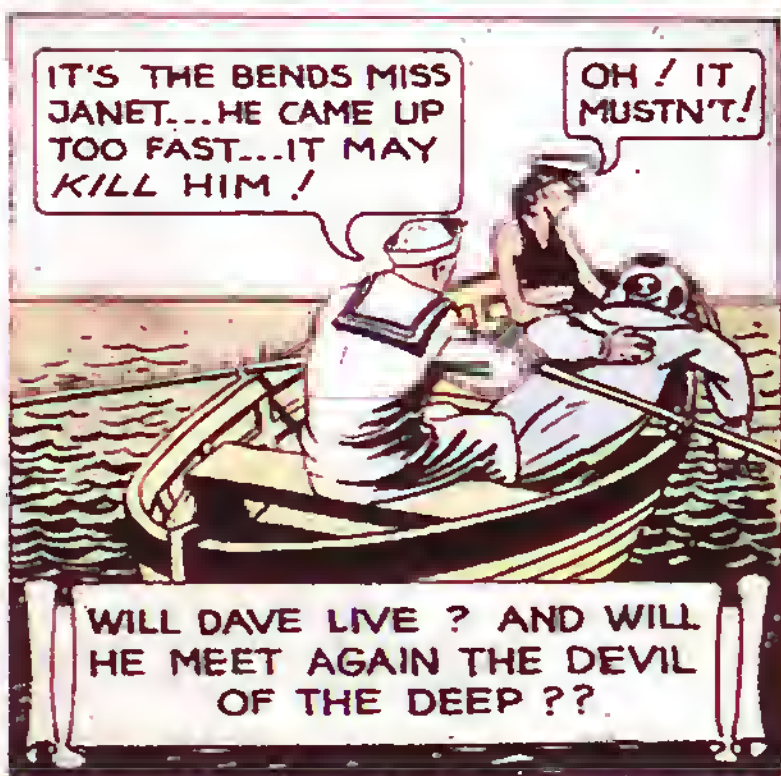
TRY TO STAY UP! WE'LL SAVE YOU!

THANKS....SOME-THING CUT....MY AIR HOSE AND LIFE LINE.....



IT'S THE BENDS MISS JANET...HE CAME UP TOO FAST...IT MAY KILL HIM!

OH! IT MUSTN'T!



WILL DAVE LIVE? AND WILL HE MEET AGAIN THE DEVIL OF THE DEEP??



HE'S NOT LIKELY TO BE MUCH GOOD THE REST OF HIS LIFE.

PLEASE, PHILIP!
PLEASE DON'T...



IF DAVE DON'T COME THROUGH, I'LL



YOU'RE SWELL, JANET. I OWE YOU.....MY LIFE.

BUT...I COULDN'T LET YOU DIE.....

BUT DAVE'S NATURAL STRENGTH AIDS HIM TO COMPLETE RECOVERY.



THANK YOU, SIR, FOR YOUR KINDNESS. I'D HAVE BEEN A GONER..

DON'T MENTION IT. THESE WATERS ARE CURSED.

I'M RIDING BACK IN THE BOAT WITH DAVE.



JANET, I WANT YOU TO RETURN TO THE YACHT. WHERE WE'RE GOING'S NO PLACE FOR A WOMAN.

I'LL ONLY STAY A MINUTE, DAVE. SHORTY CAN ROW ME BACK.



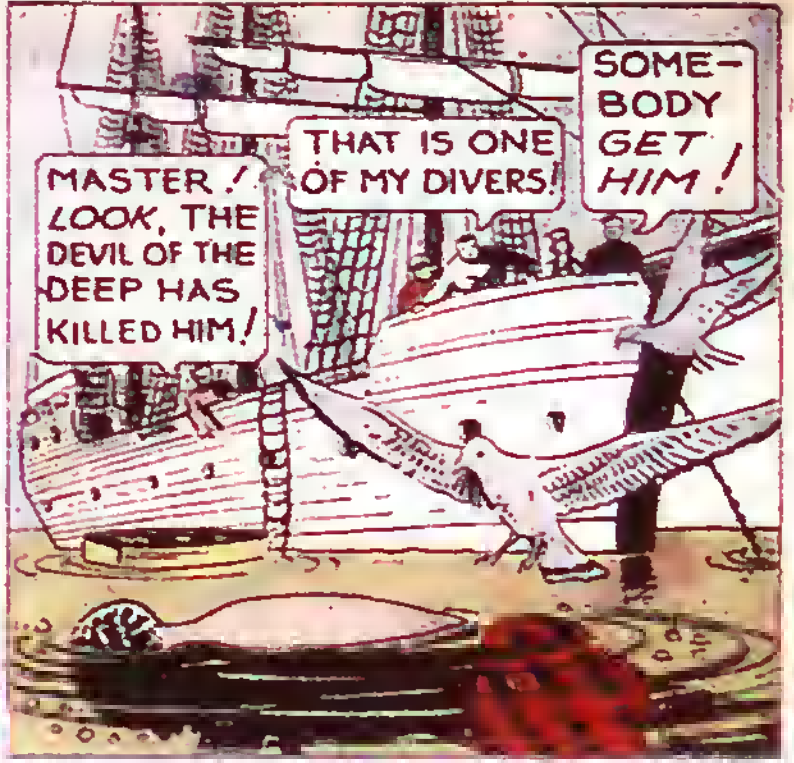
IF THE CHINK DID IT, I'LL BLOW HIM APART!

TAKE IT EASY. WING PO IS DANGEROUS.



I GREET MY ILLUSTRIOUS RIVAL. YOU HAVE FOUND MANY PEARLS ?

I ALMOST FOUND DEATH. DID ANY OF YOUR BOYS DIVE ??



MASTER ! LOOK, THE DEVIL OF THE DEEP HAS KILLED HIM!

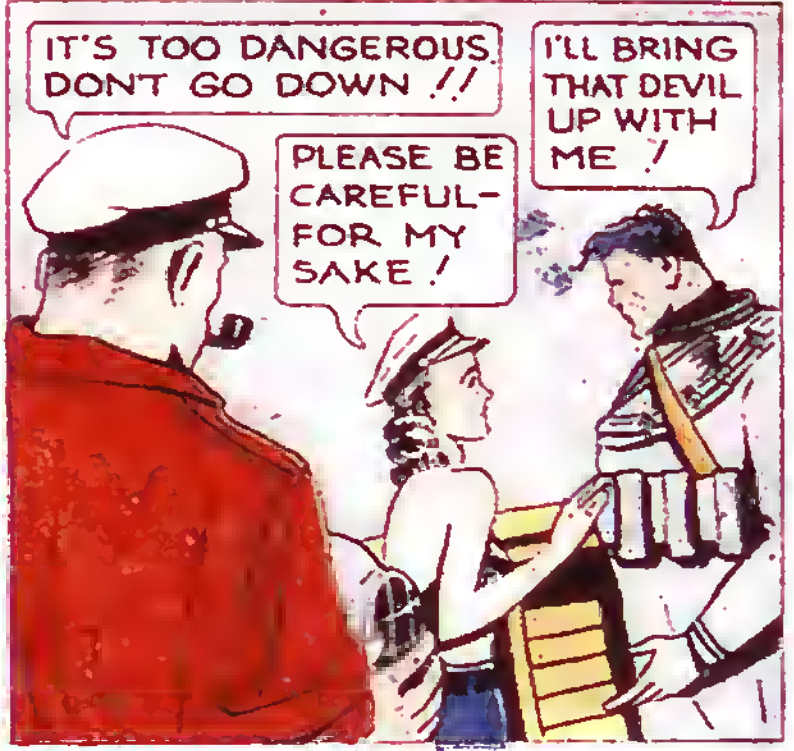
THAT IS ONE OF MY DIVERS!

SOME-BODY GET HIM!



I'M GOING TO GET THIS DEVIL OF THE DEEP !

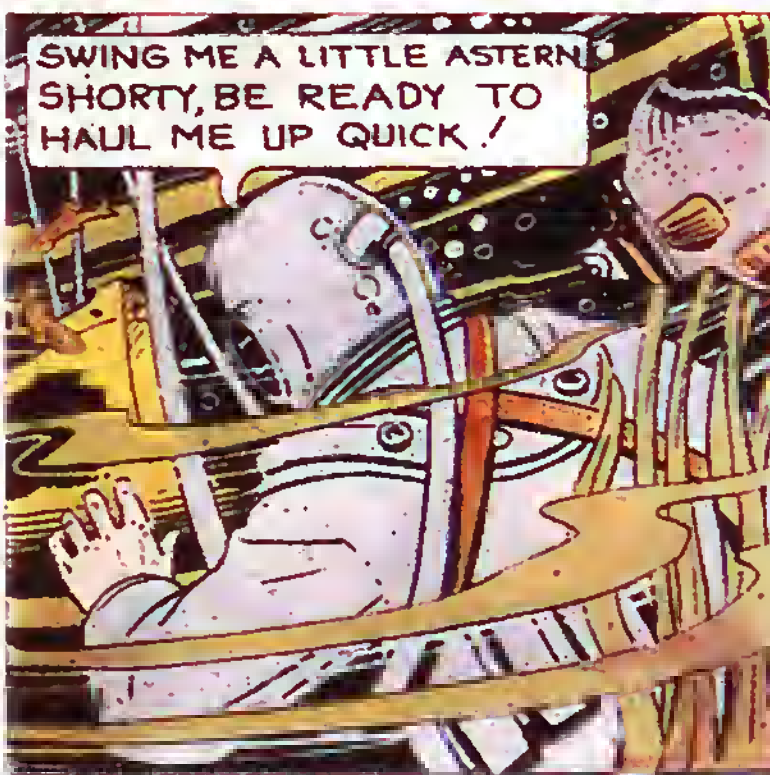
AI ! THE WATER GHOST HAS KILLED HIM !



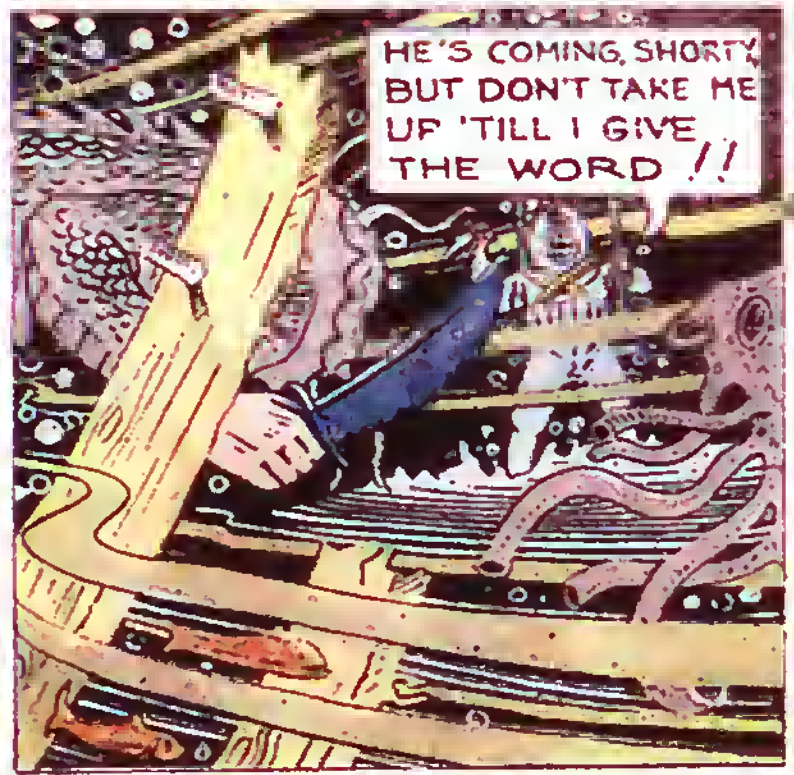
IT'S TOO DANGEROUS. DON'T GO DOWN !!

I'LL BRING THAT DEVIL UP WITH ME !

PLEASE BE CAREFUL-FOR MY SAKE !



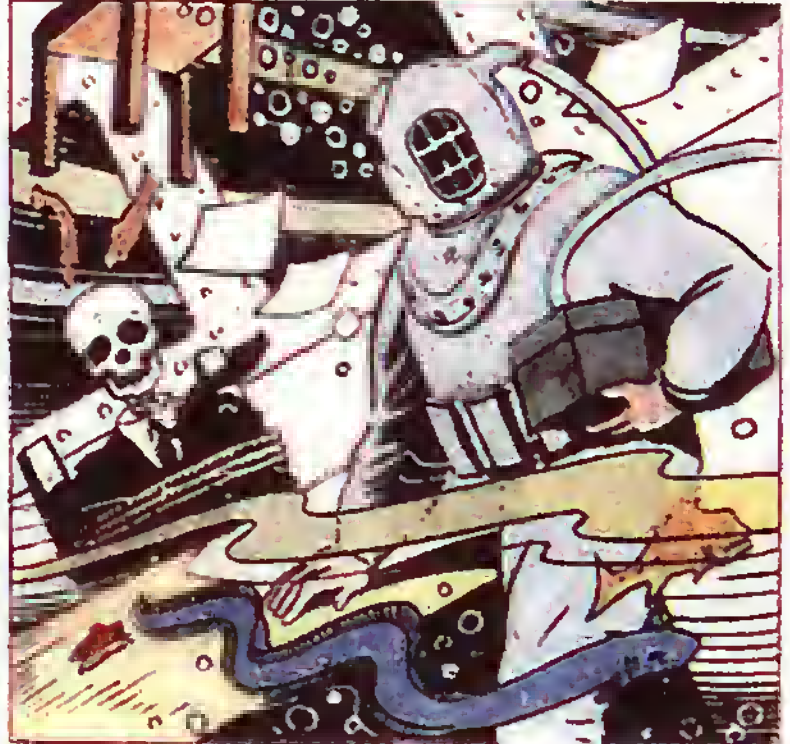
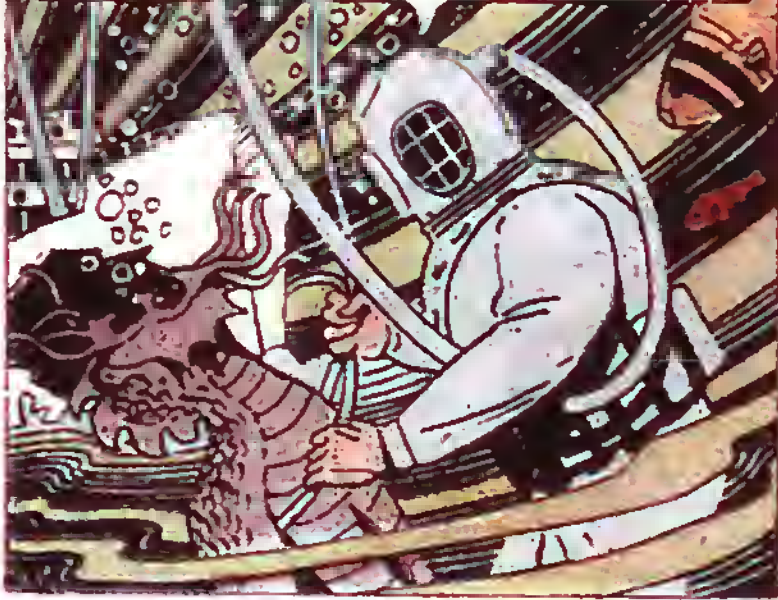
SWING ME A LITTLE ASTERN SHORTY, BE READY TO HAUL ME UP QUICK !



HE'S COMING, SHORTY, BUT DON'T TAKE ME UP 'TILL I GIVE THE WORD !!



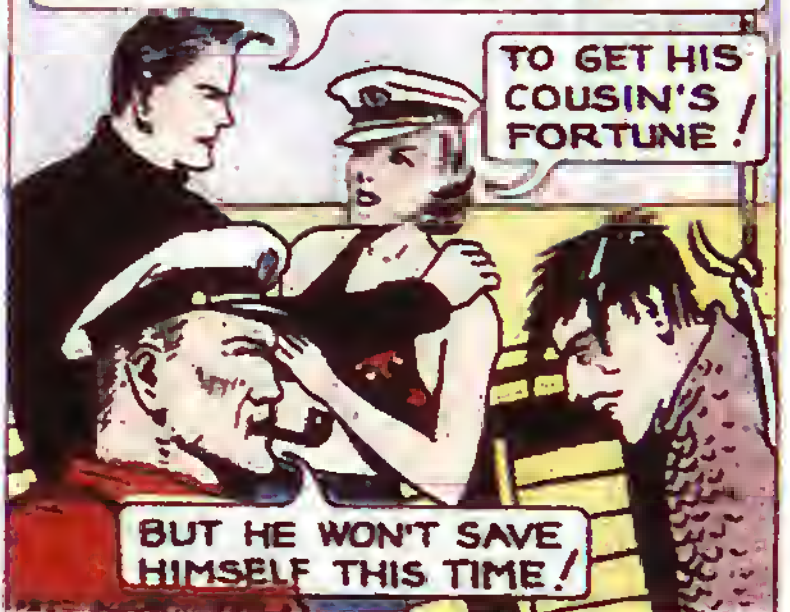
SEND DOWN ANOTHER LINE, SHORTY,
AND TAKE THIS ONE UP. YOU'LL FIND
THE WATER GHOST AT THE END OF IT.



HE DIDN'T WANT ME
TO SEE THAT SUNKEN
SHIP BECAUSE *HE*
SANK IT !

HE'S NOT DEAD.
THERE WAS
OXYGEN IN HIS
FREE DIVING
SUIT !!

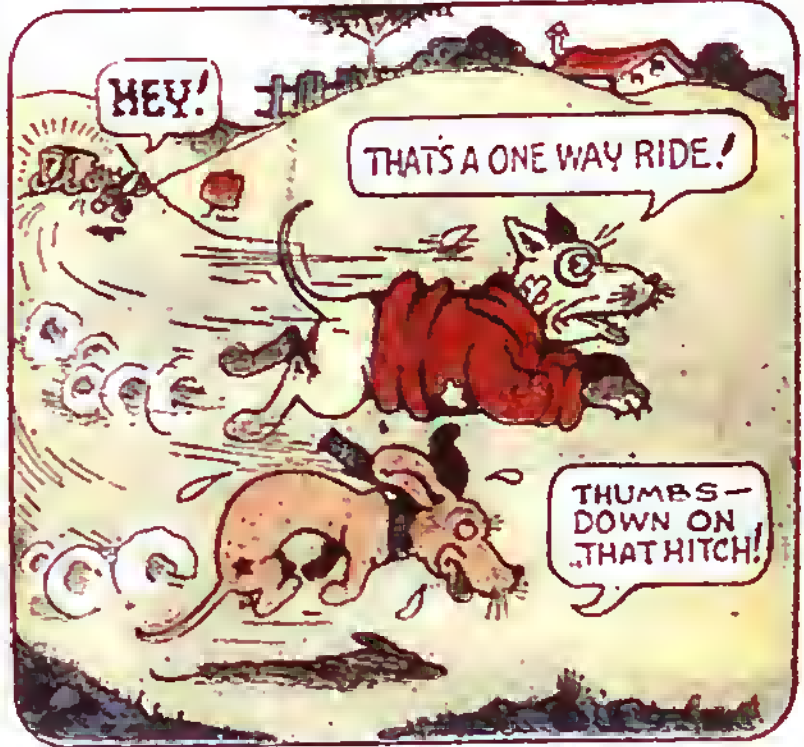
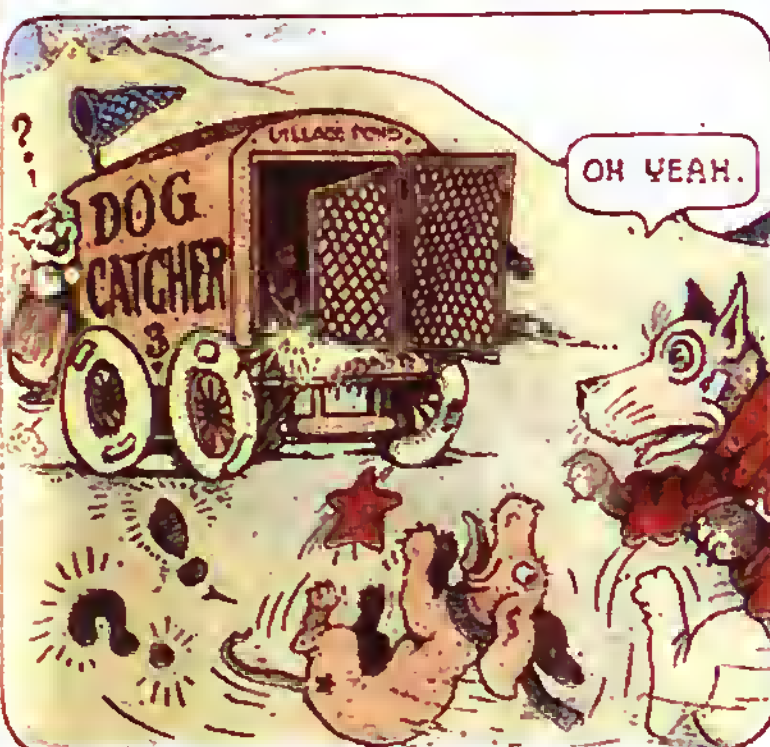
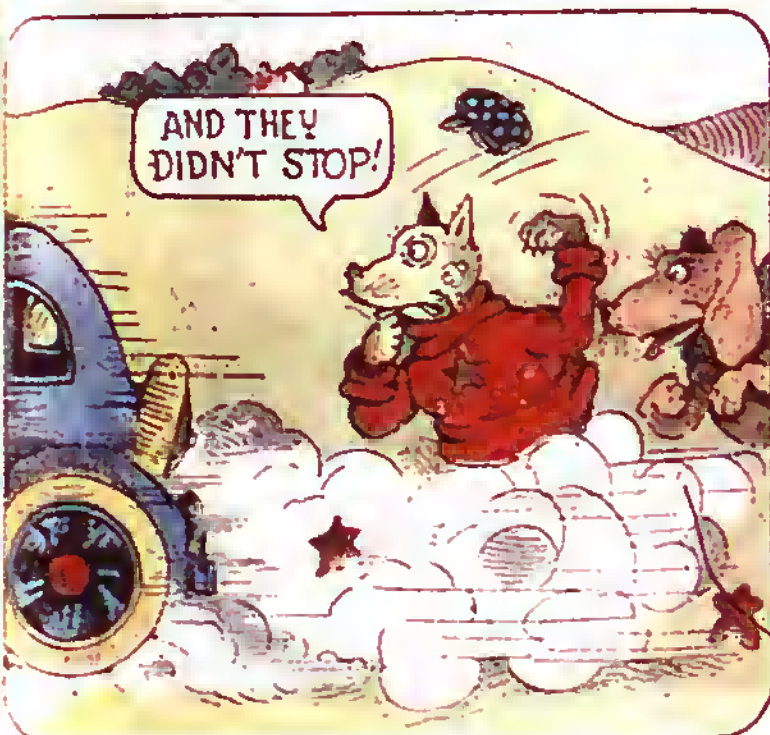
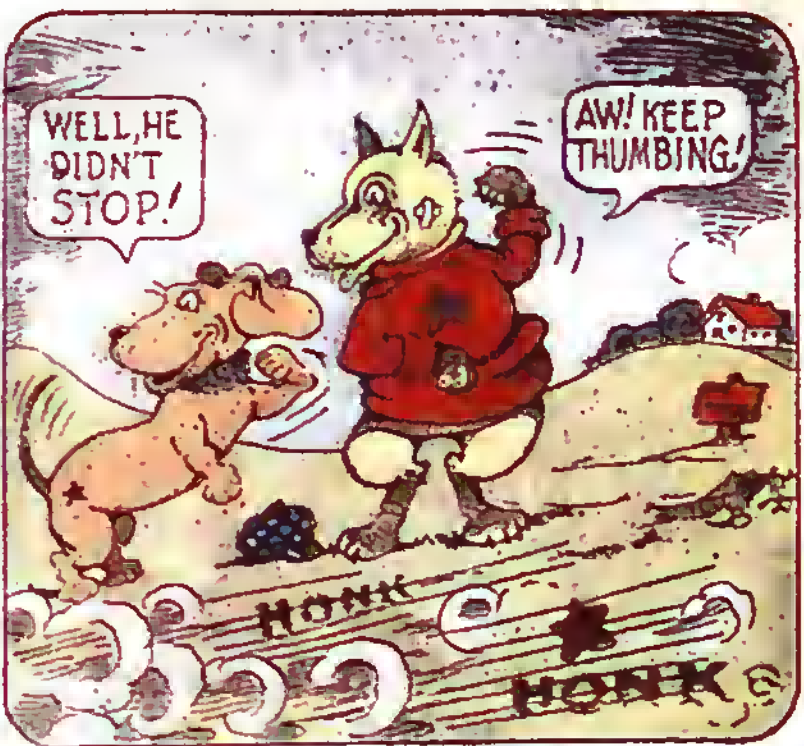
HE DYNAMITED HIS COUSIN'S YACHT
AND TRIED TO SCARE ME AWAY
SO I WOULDN'T FIND OUT.



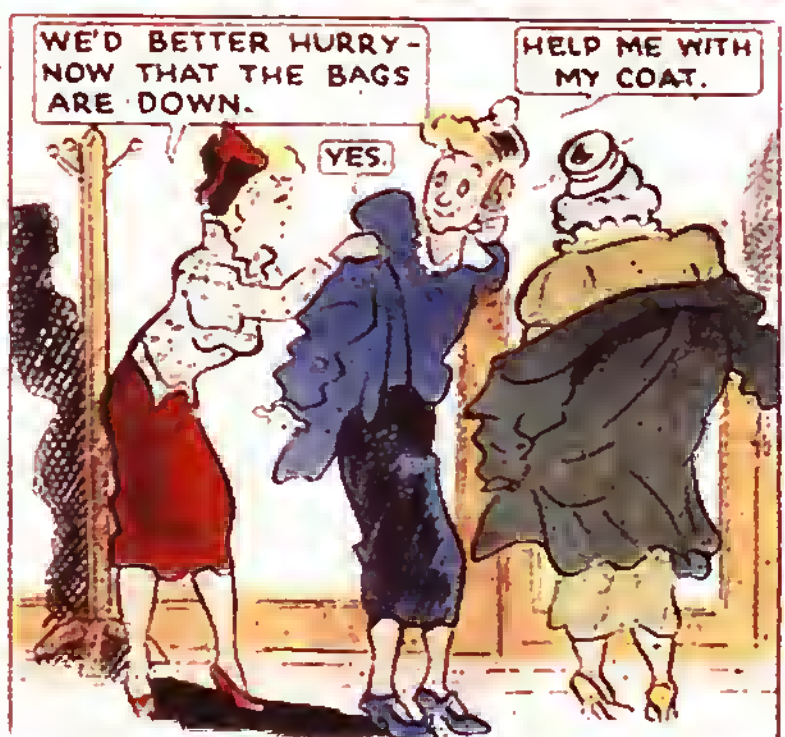
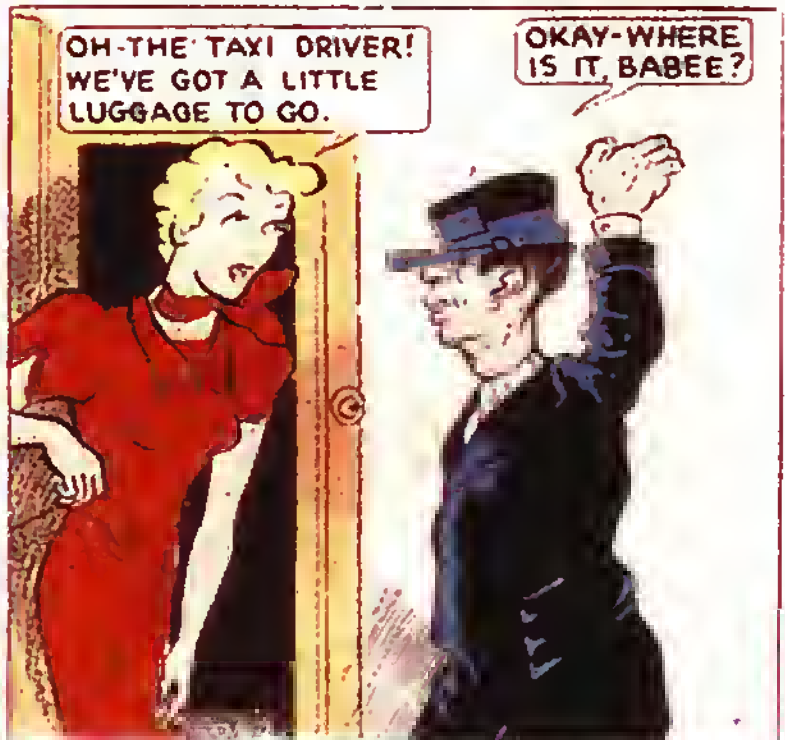
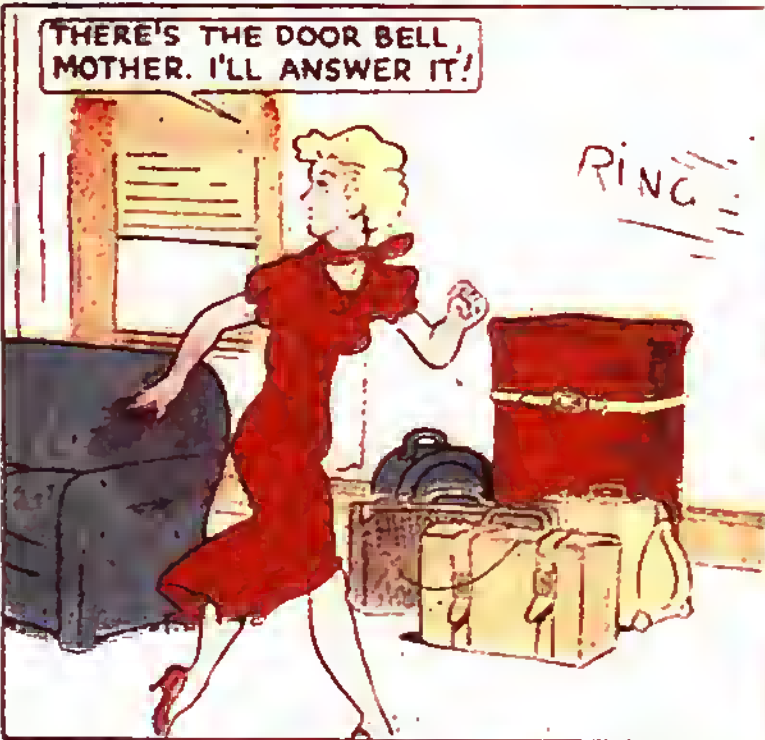
TO GET HIS
COUSIN'S
FORTUNE !

BUT HE WON'T SAVE
HIMSELF THIS TIME !

RUNT AND Tubby



GRANNY AND HER PETS





GOSH GRANNY-ISN'T IT THRILLING TO BE GOING ON AN OCEAN VOYAGE!

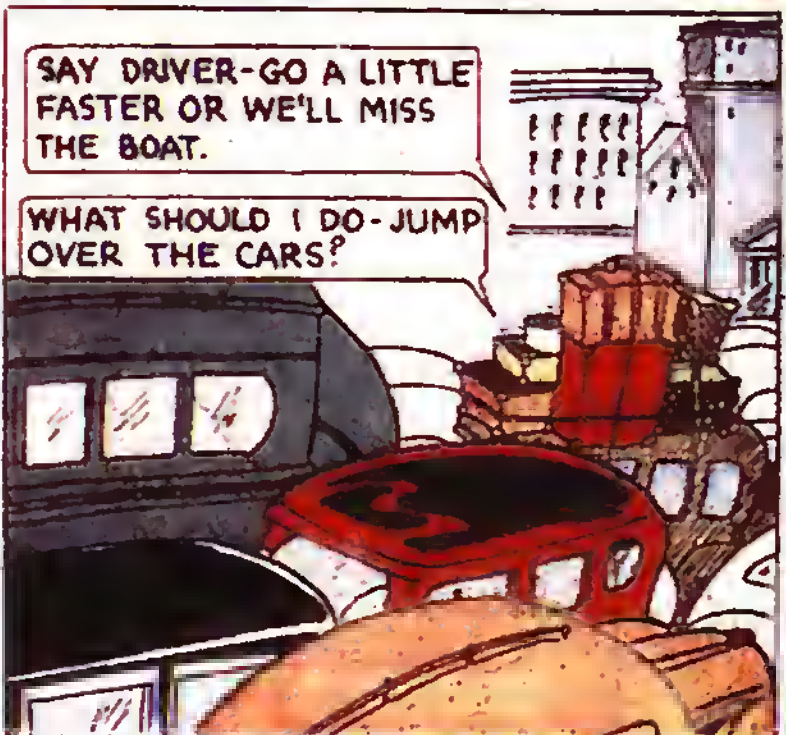
NOW WHERE IN THE WORLD IS THAT TAXI?



HERE IT IS, GIRLS, RIGHT IN FRONT OF YA. YA MUSTA THOUGHT IT WAS A MOVIN' VAN.



WE'LL DON'T TAKE ALL DAY-DRIVER, WE'RE IN A HURRY!



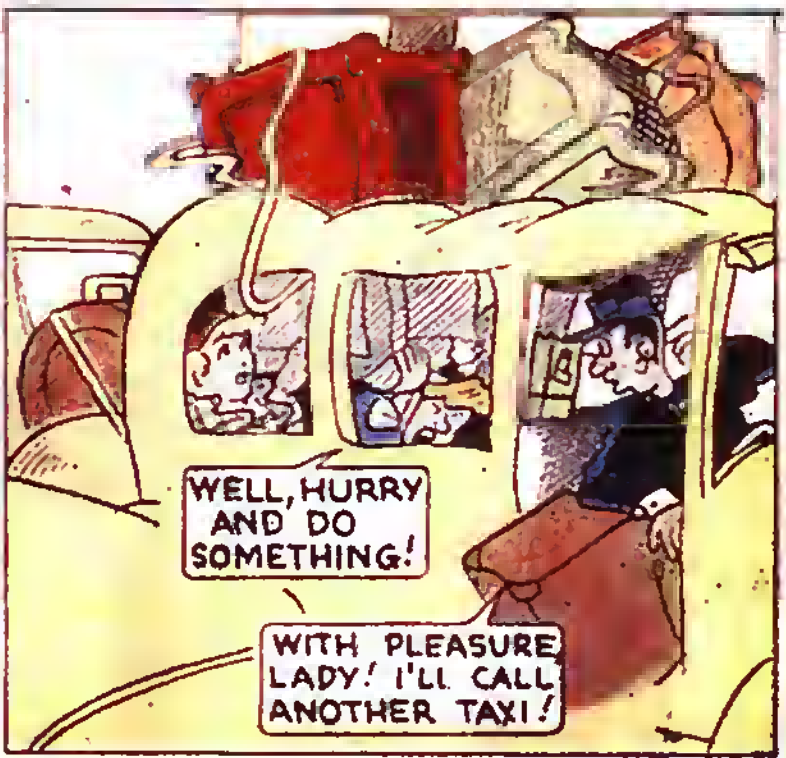
SAY DRIVER-GO A LITTLE FASTER OR WE'LL MISS THE BOAT.

WHAT SHOULD I DO-JUMP OVER THE CARS?



STOP THE CAR! QUICK! LET ME OUT OF HERE! HEY YOU-HELP!

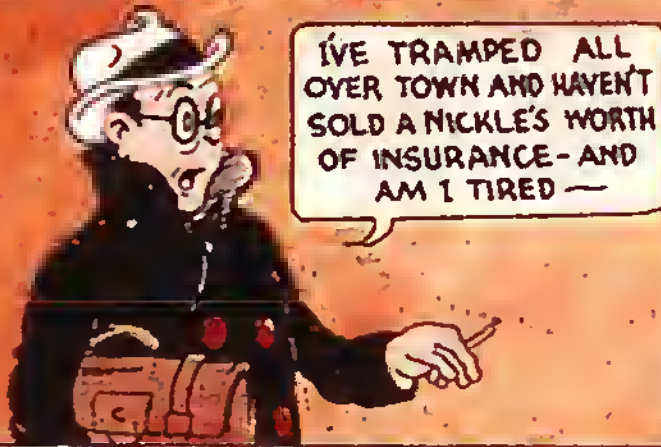
LINDER MAYR



WELL, HURRY AND DO SOMETHING!

WITH PLEASURE LADY! I'LL CALL ANOTHER TAXI!

INSURANCE

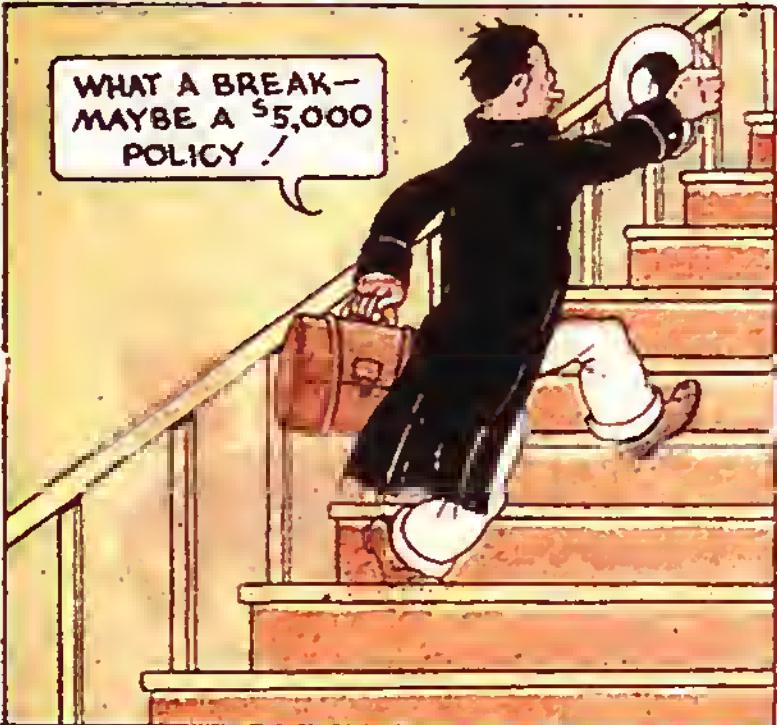


I'VE TRAMPED ALL OVER TOWN AND HAVEN'T SOLD A NICKLE'S WORTH OF INSURANCE - AND AM I TIRED -

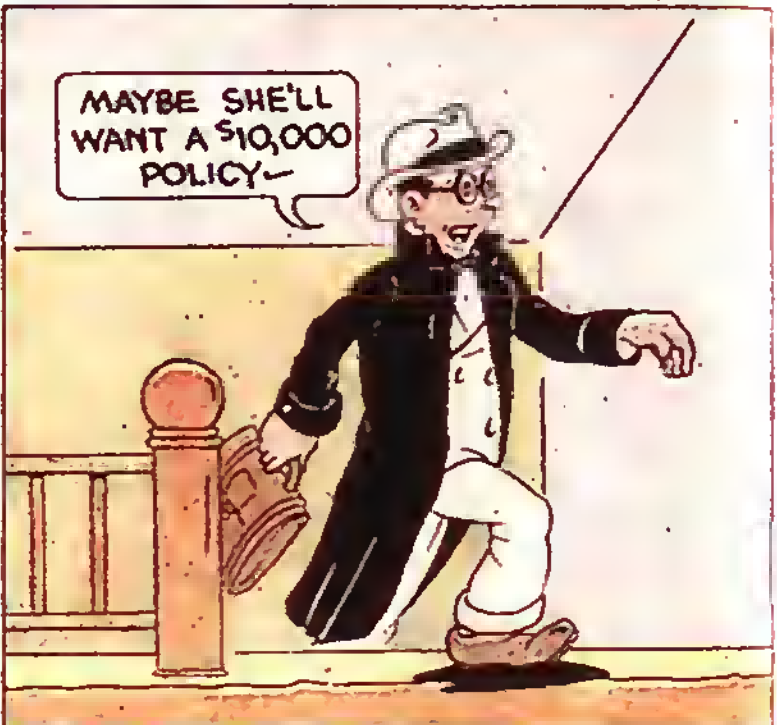


OH MR. IKE - WILL YOU PLEASE COME UP HERE?

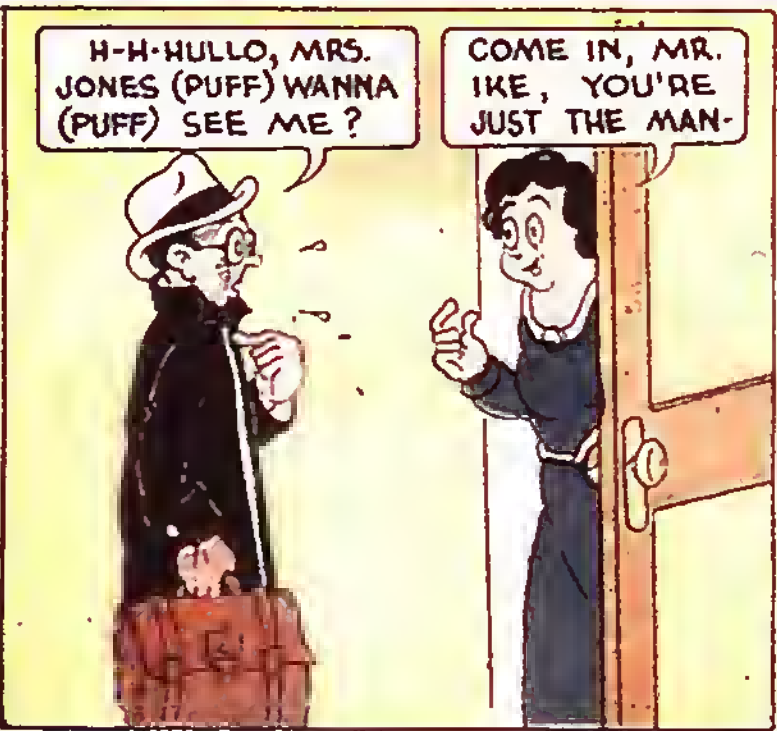
SURE, MRS. JONES - BE RIGHT UP!



WHAT A BREAK - MAYBE A \$5,000 POLICY!

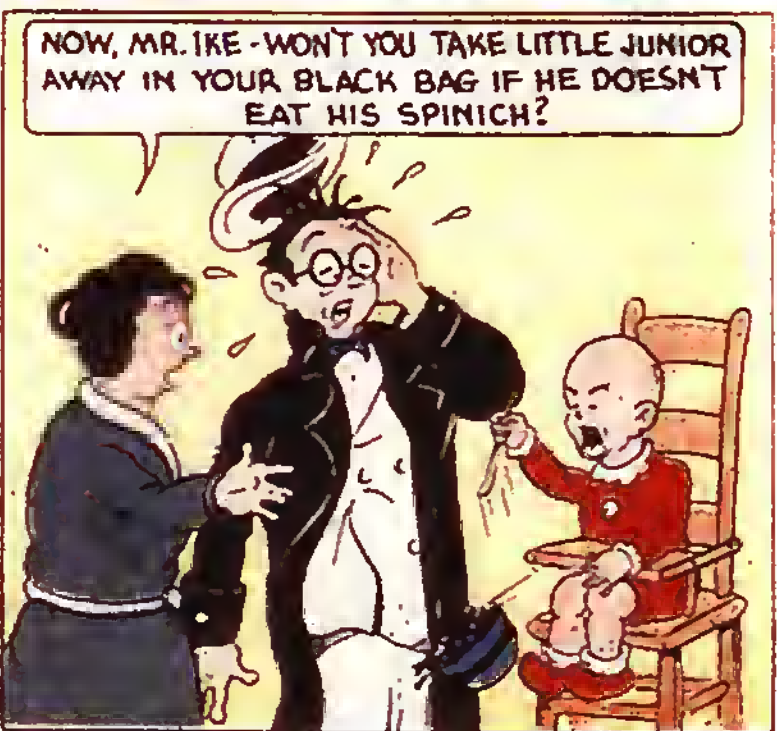


MAYBE SHE'LL WANT A \$10,000 POLICY -



H-H-HULLO, MRS. JONES (PUFF) WANNA (PUFF) SEE ME?

COME IN, MR. IKE, YOU'RE JUST THE MAN -



NOW, MR. IKE - WON'T YOU TAKE LITTLE JUNIOR AWAY IN YOUR BLACK BAG IF HE DOESN'T EAT HIS SPINICH?

Are You **HANDICAPPED?**

CHARLES P. STEINMETZ

1865

MADE GOOD

1923

BORN AT BRESLAU, GERMANY, OF PENNILESS PARENTS. WAS A DWARF AND A CRIPPLE FROM BIRTH. WAS FIRST CONSIDERED DULL IN SCHOOL, AS HE REFUSED TO USE HIS MIND. YET HE MASTERED HIGHER MATHEMATICS AND MANY LANGUAGES IN EARLY SCHOOL DAYS. ENTERED UNIVERSITY OF BRESLAU AT SEVENTEEN, TUTORED HIS FELLOW STUDENTS TO FINANCE HIS EDU-

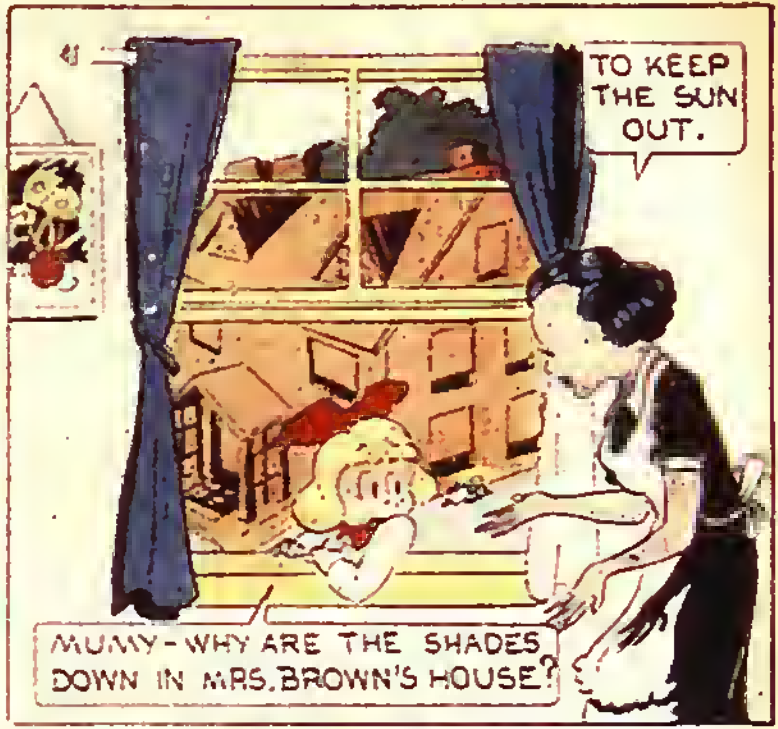
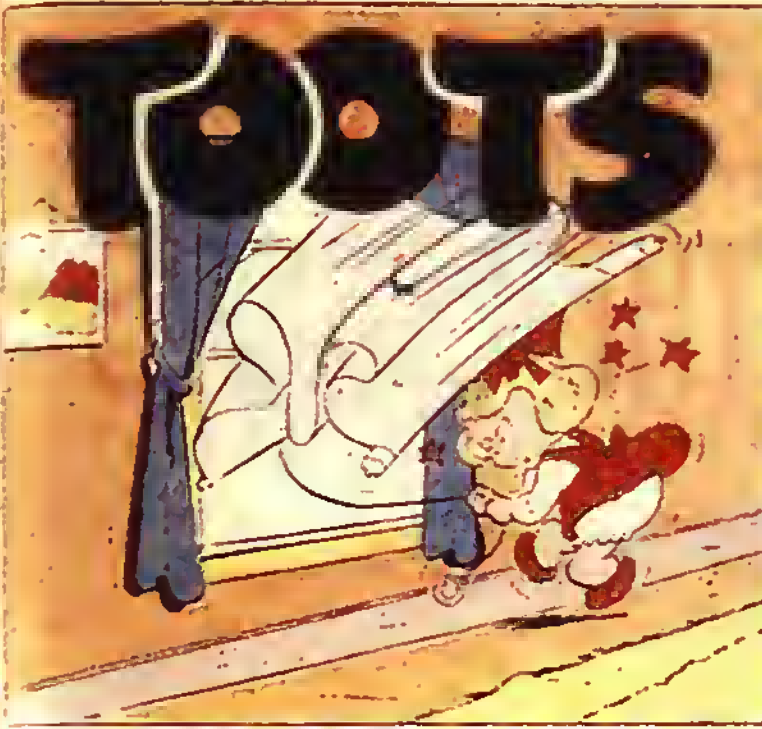


CATION. AFTER SEVEN YEARS HE WAS FORCED TO LEAVE THE UNIVERSITY, BECAUSE OF HIS SOCIALISTIC VIEWS.

AT TWENTY-FIVE HE CAME TO AMERICA, RENTED A VERMIN-INFESTED ROOM IN HARLEM, WORKED AS AN ELECTRICAL ENGINEER AT \$12 A WEEK. DISCOVERED AND ESTABLISHED LAWS USED TODAY IN DESIGNING ELECTRICAL MOTORS; BECAME ONE OF THE MASTER MINDS OF SCIENCE.

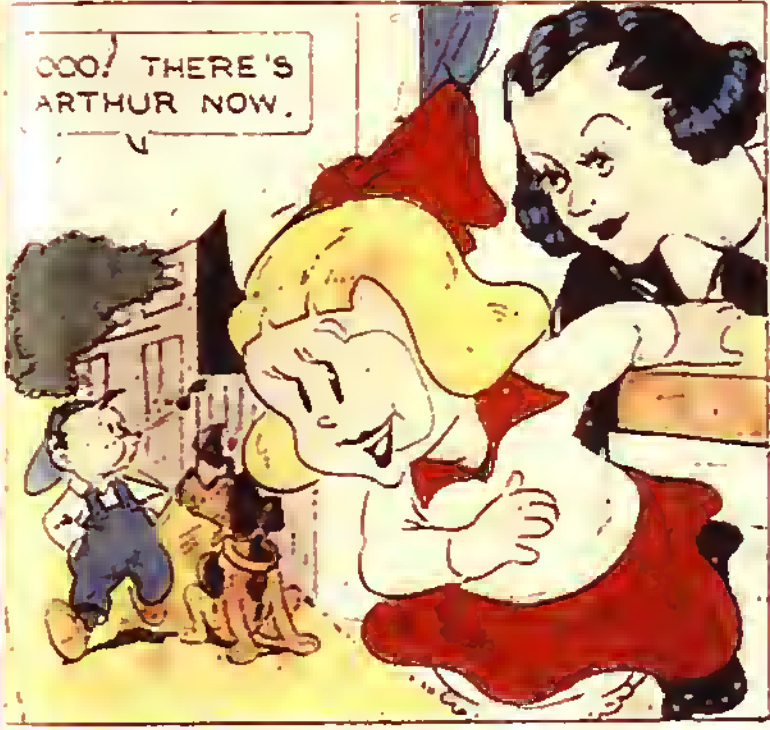
BINGO



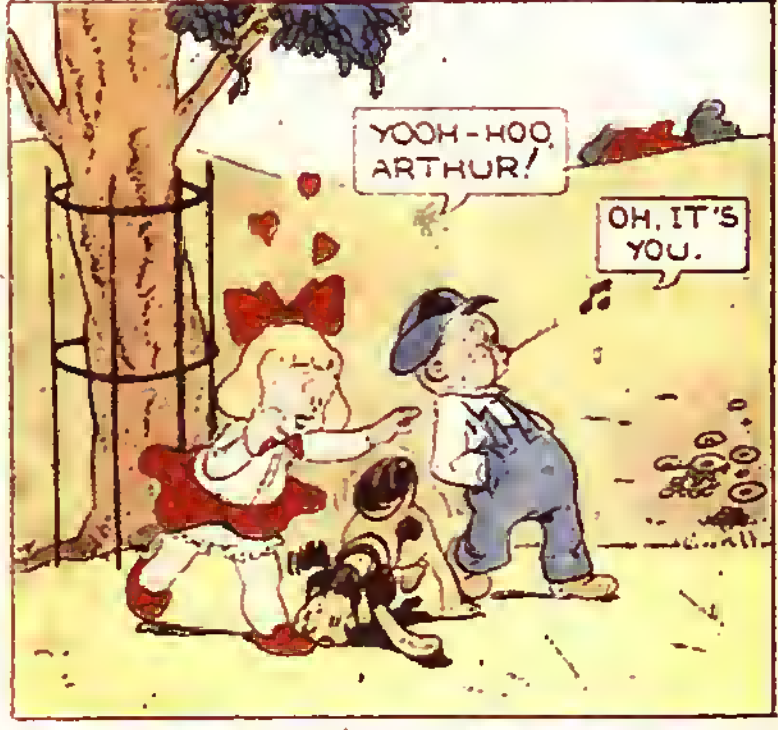


TO KEEP THE SUN OUT.

MUMMY - WHY ARE THE SHADES DOWN IN MRS. BROWN'S HOUSE?



OOO! THERE'S ARTHUR NOW.



YOOH-HOO, ARTHUR!

OH, IT'S YOU.



WE GOT A NEW BABY BROTHER AT OUR HOUSE.



THE SON GOT IN ANYWAY, MUMMY

LITTLE MARY OF THE CIRCUS



(A)

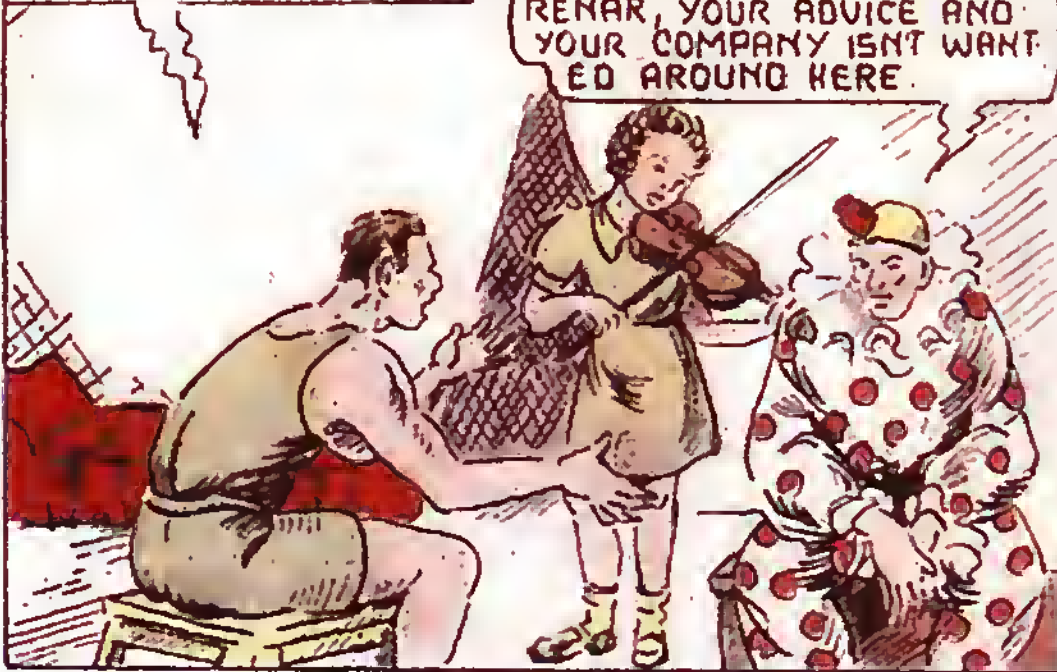
COMPLETE STORY

by

CLAIRE S. MOE

JIM WHY DONT YOU LET MARY PLAY IN PUBLIC SHE'LL BE MAKING A LOT OF DOUGH.

RENAR, YOUR ADVICE AND YOUR COMPANY ISNT WANTED AROUND HERE.



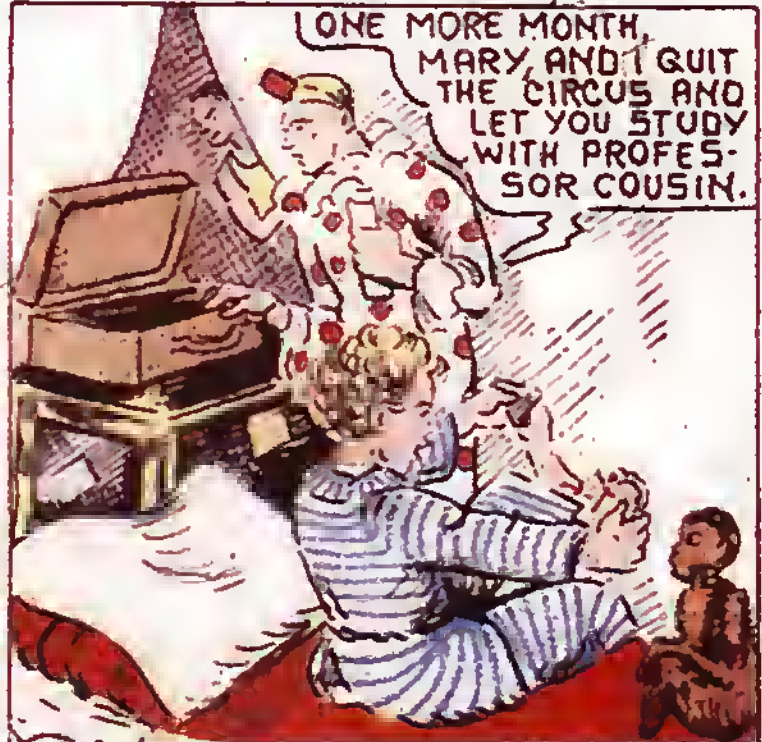
IT'S A YEAR NOW - DONT YOU REMEMBER HOW THE ROPE ON THE TRAPEZE MYSTERIOUSLY BROKE? SOMEBODY MEANT TO KILL ME - BUT INSTEAD IT KILLED MY WIFE - I HAVE MY SUSPICION - NOW GET OUT!



I DONT KNOW WHAT THAT'S GOT TO DO WITH ME - WELL, SO LONG JIM



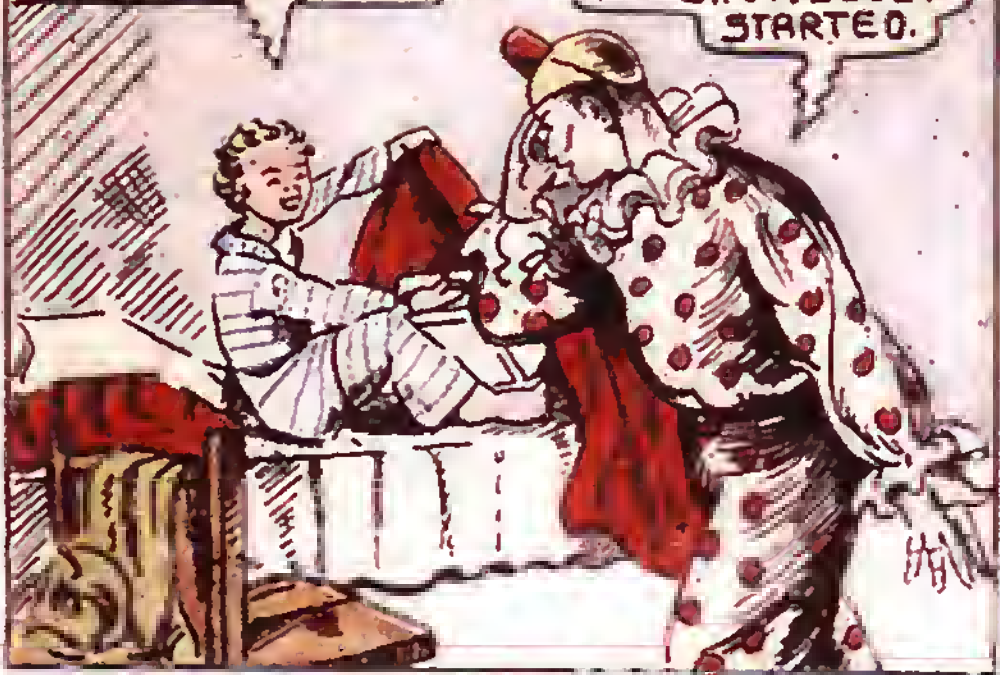
ONE MORE MONTH, MARY, AND I QUIT THE CIRCUS AND LET YOU STUDY WITH PROFESSOR COUSIN.



I'LL HIDE THE MONEY HERE -
GOOD NIGHT, DADDY!

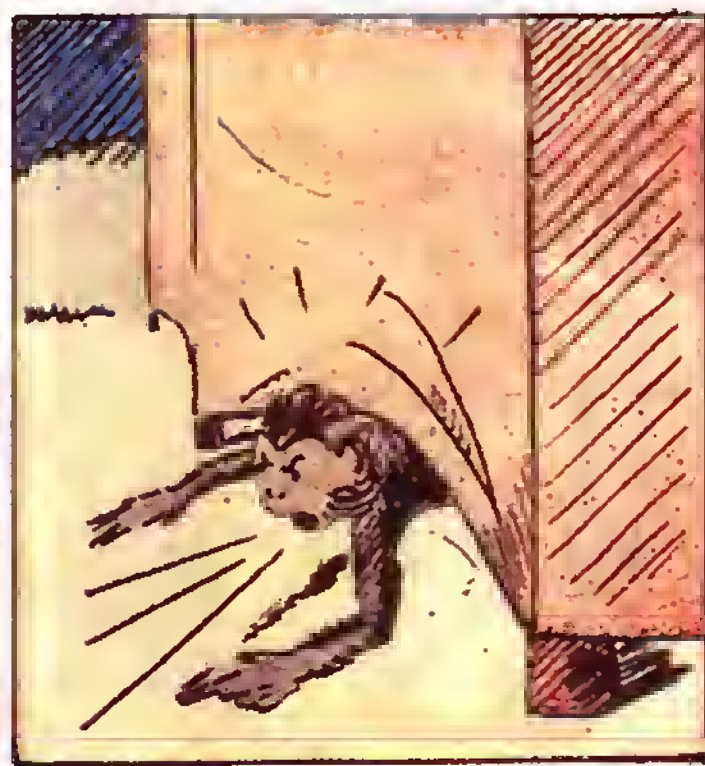
GOOD NIGHT, DEAR -
THE SHOW'S JUST
STARTED.

HE'S GONE - AND IF I CUT
THE ROPE - HE CAN'T PROVE
IT - NOW I'LL MAKE MONEY
WITH HER - I'LL WAIT 'TILL
SHE SLEEPS!



IF THE MONK DOESN'T HEAR ME EVERYTHING
WILL BE SWELL - I'LL TAKE THE KID
TO MY SHACK - NOWBODY EXCEPT THAT
WOMAN, WHO LIVES NEAR THE PLACE,
KNOWS I OWN IT - AND I TOLD HER
BRING MY NIECE UP ONE
DAY.

SOUND ASLEEP - SHE'LL
BE WORTH A LOT OF
DOUGH!!



I GOT THE KID, THE MONEY, AND HER FIDDLE - THIS JOB WAS EASY! I WAS AFRAID THE MONK MIGHT MAKE TROUBLE



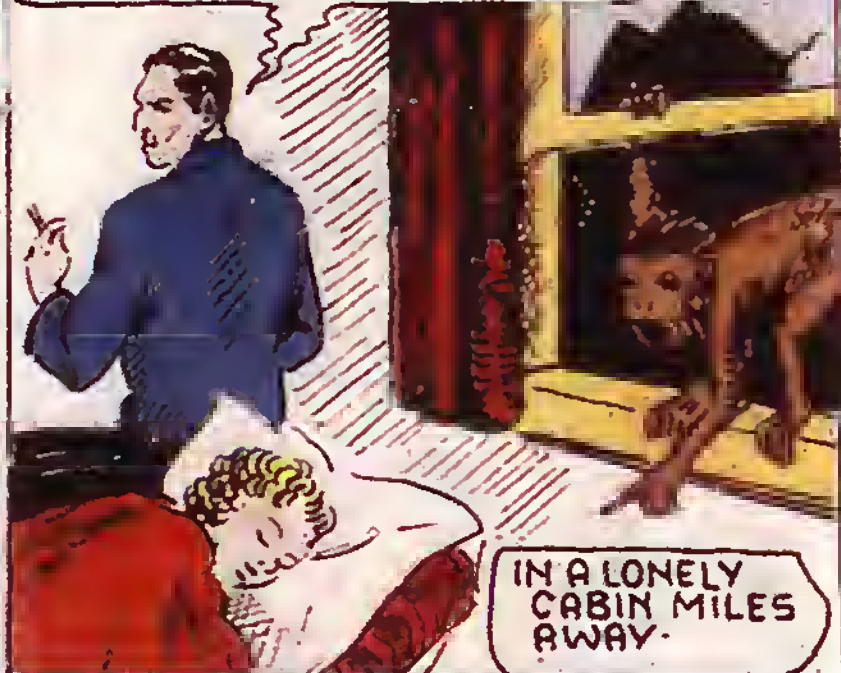
MARY! MARY! SHE'S GONE!



JIM, DON'T WORRY - I NOTIFIED THE POLICE - THEY'LL FIND MARY -



WELL, SHE NEVER WOKE - GUESS I'LL TAKE A NAP MYSELF



IN A LONELY CABIN MILES AWAY.

AS RENAR WENT TO SLEEP, HIS LIGHTED CIGARETTE FELL ON PAPER AND STARTED A FIRE.



ALARMED BY THE SMOKE, THE LITTLE MONKEY WAKES MARY.





SHE RUSHES OUTSIDE.

HOW DID I GET HERE, PAL?
GEE!! THE HUT IS BURN-
ING FAST!



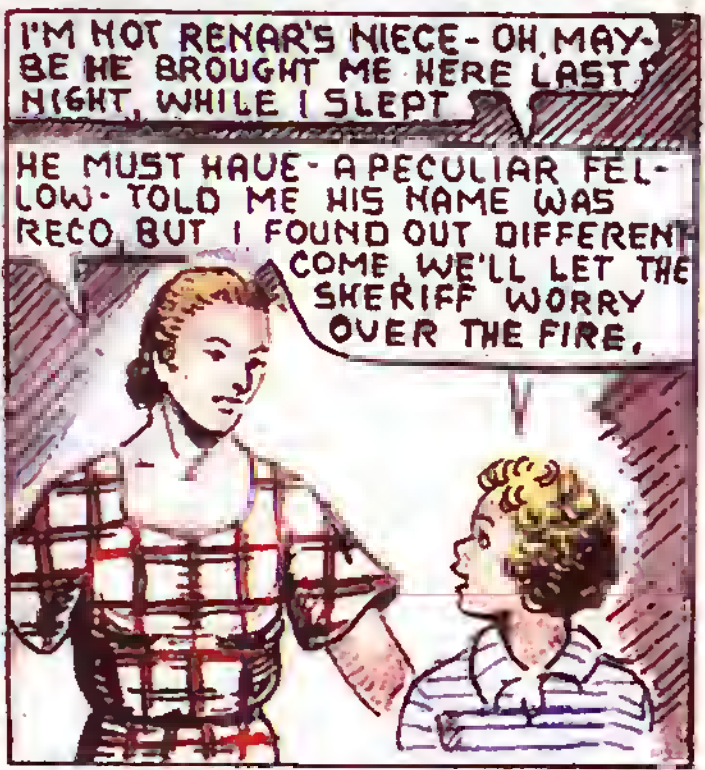
SAY, LITTLE GIRL, IS THERE ANYBODY ELSE IN THERE?

I DON'T KNOW!



THAT'S NOT MY HOUSE - I JUST WOKE UP - I LIVE IN A CIRCUS -

YOU MUST BE RENAR'S NIECE.



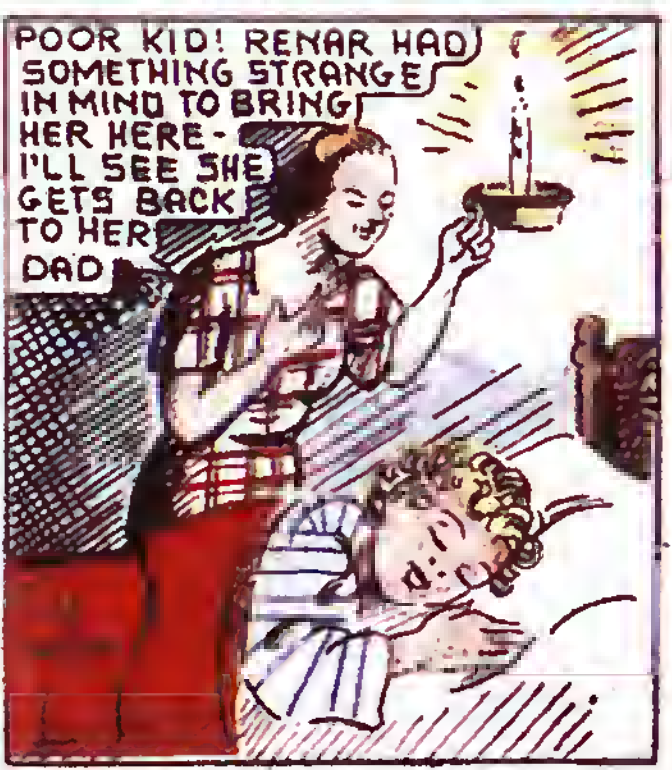
I'M NOT RENAR'S NIECE - OH, MAYBE HE BROUGHT ME HERE LAST NIGHT, WHILE I SLEPT

HE MUST HAVE - A PECULIAR FELLOW - TOLD ME HIS NAME WAS RECO, BUT I FOUND OUT DIFFERENT COME, WE'LL LET THE SHERIFF WORRY OVER THE FIRE,



THIS IS THE SWEETEST MILK I'VE EVER HAD.

DRINK ALL YOU WANT DEAR



POOR KID! RENAR HAD SOMETHING STRANGE IN MIND TO BRING HER HERE - I'LL SEE SHE GETS BACK TO HER DAD

A MAN, I GUESS RENAR, WAS FOUND ALL BURNED IN THE HUT - I DIDN'T TELL THE SHERIFF THAT YOU SLEPT THERE - THEY FUSS SO MUCH ABOUT SUCH THINGS - GOOD BYE DEAR -



BUS-STOP

I HOPE DADDY ISN'T WORRIED TOO MUCH ABOUT ME.



THE CIRCUS LEFT! OK DEAR! WHERE'S MY DADDY?



WHILE AT THE POLICE STATION-

YES, THIS IS MARY'S VIOLIN.

ALLRIGHT

SORRY, SIR, THIS MEANS YOUR DAUGHTER DIED IN THE FIRE LIKE RENAR -



THE POOR KID! IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE - THERE'S NOTHING LEFT FOR ME TO LIVE FOR NOW



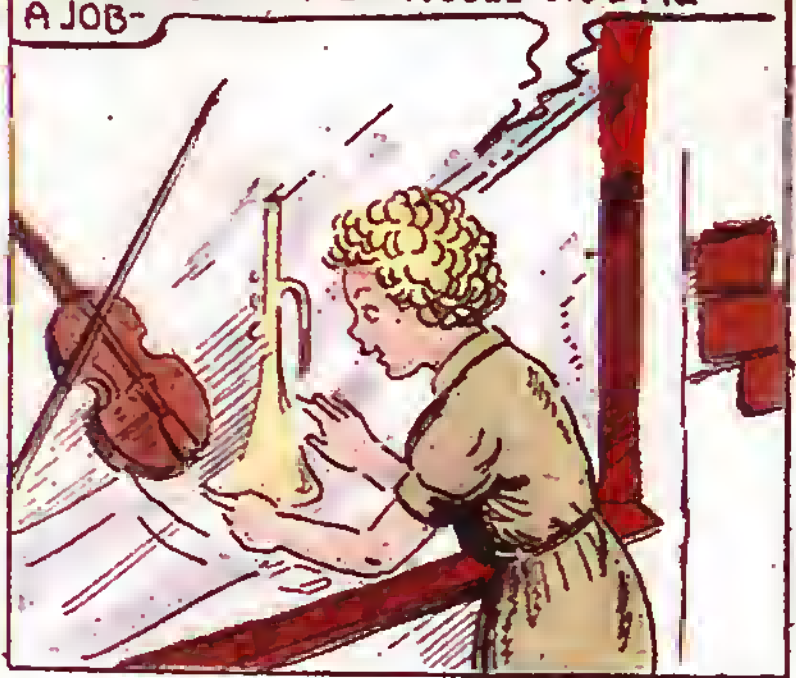
OH, PAL! - WHAT CAN I DO? DO YOU THINK THE MAN IN THE HUT COULD HAVE BEEN DADDY? OK NO!



LOOK, PAL, THERE'S A MUSIC STORE!
THIS GIVES ME AN IDEA!



LOOK WHAT A BEAUTIFUL VIOLIN! I'LL GO
IN AND ASK IF THEY WOULD GIVE ME
A JOB-



GUESS THE MAN WON'T MIND
IF I PLAY HIS VIOLIN A LITTLE
'TILL HE CAN TALK TO ME.

WHO'S THE CHILD?
LISTEN TO THAT MUSIC!



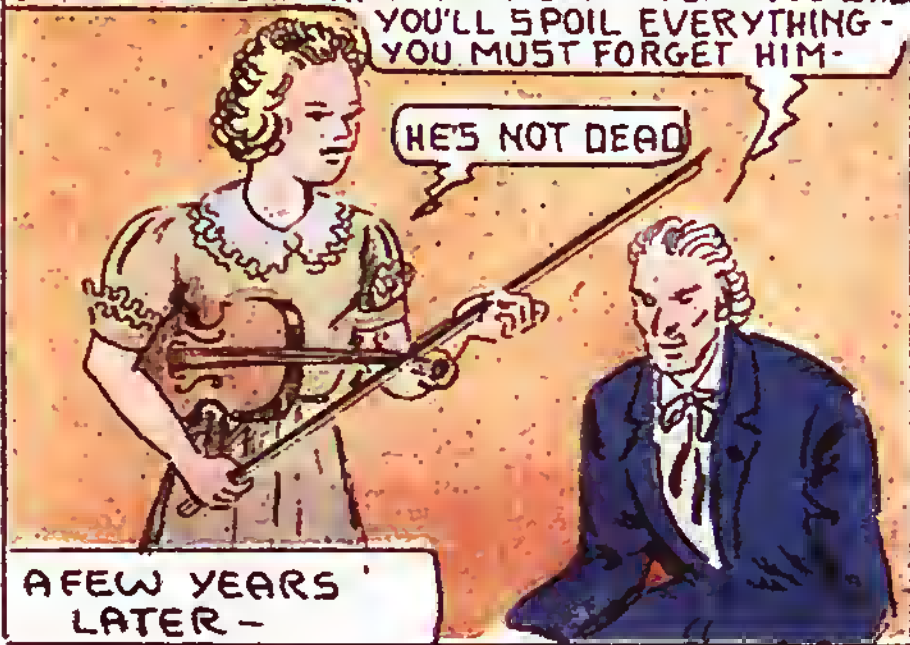
-AND YOU WISH TO WORK?
WELL, WELL! - YOU COME
TO MY HOUSE AND I'LL
GIVE YOU WORK ON THE
VIOLIN - I'M PROFESSOR
COUSIN.

OK - OK. THE
GREAT MASTER!



TO MORROW'S CONCERT WILL BE THE BEGINN-
ING OF A GREAT CAREER, MARY - THE MEMORY
OF YOUR DEAD FATHER MAKES YOU PLAY TOO SAD
YOU'LL SPOIL EVERYTHING -
YOU MUST FORGET HIM -

HE'S NOT DEAD



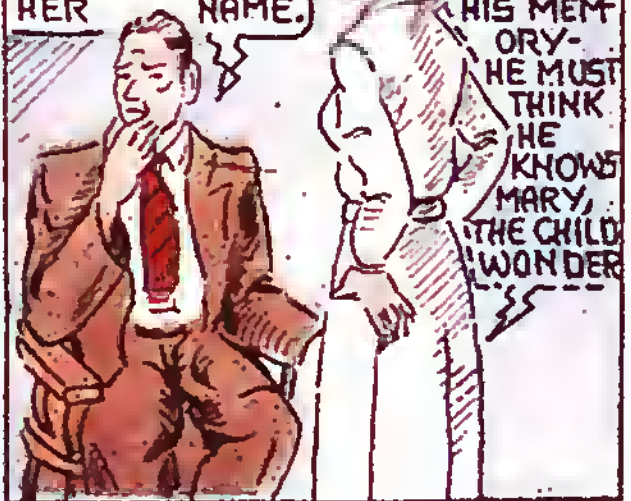
A FEW YEARS
LATER -

AT A HOSPITAL -

NURSE, A LITTLE
GIRL IS PLAYING TO
MORROW AT THE
MUSIC HALL - TAKE
ME THERE, PLEASE -
MARY - MARY IS
HER NAME.

I'M GLAD,
TOO.

POOR
FELLOW!
LOST
HIS MEM-
ORY -
HE MUST
THINK
HE
KNOWS
MARY,
THE CHILD
WONDER



HERE IS THE MUSIC HALL - LET'S HURRY SO WE CAN GET A SEAT.

WAIT - WILL YOU TAKE ME TO THE CHILD'S DRESSING ROOM - PLEASE, NURSE?

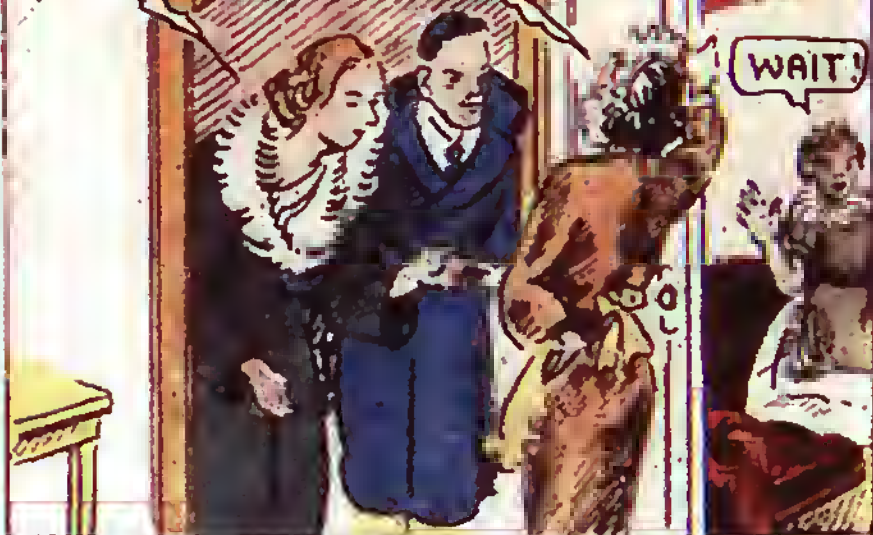
MOST LIKELY THEY'LL THROW US OUT



LISTEN, MISS. PLEASE LET US SEE THE LITTLE VIOLINIST - THIS MAN THINKS IT MIGHT BRING BACK HIS MEMORY -

IMPOSSIBLE

WAIT!



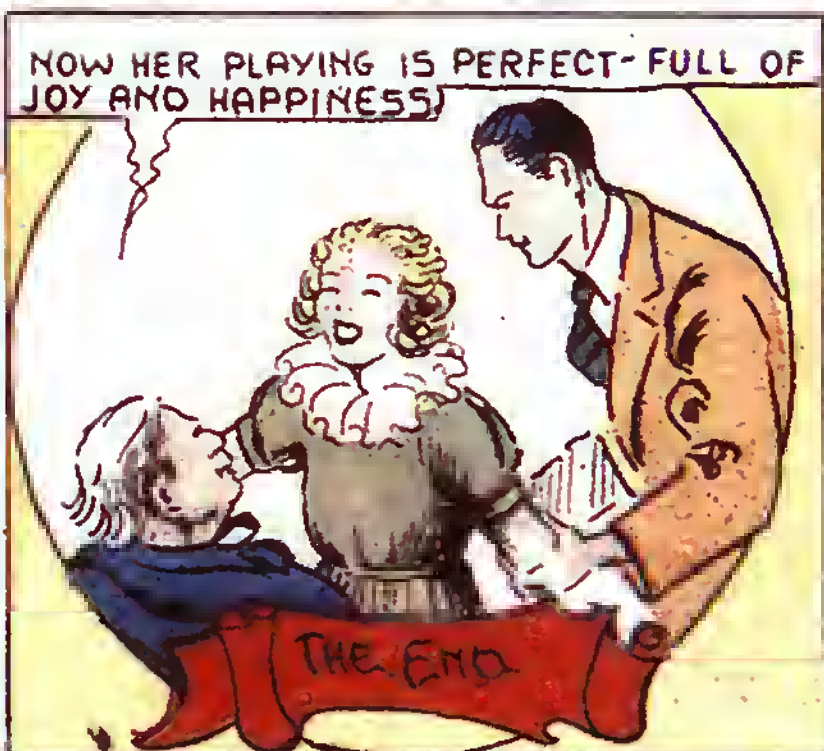
DADDY!



WHY - WHY - IT'S YOU, MARY MY LITTLE DAUGHTER!

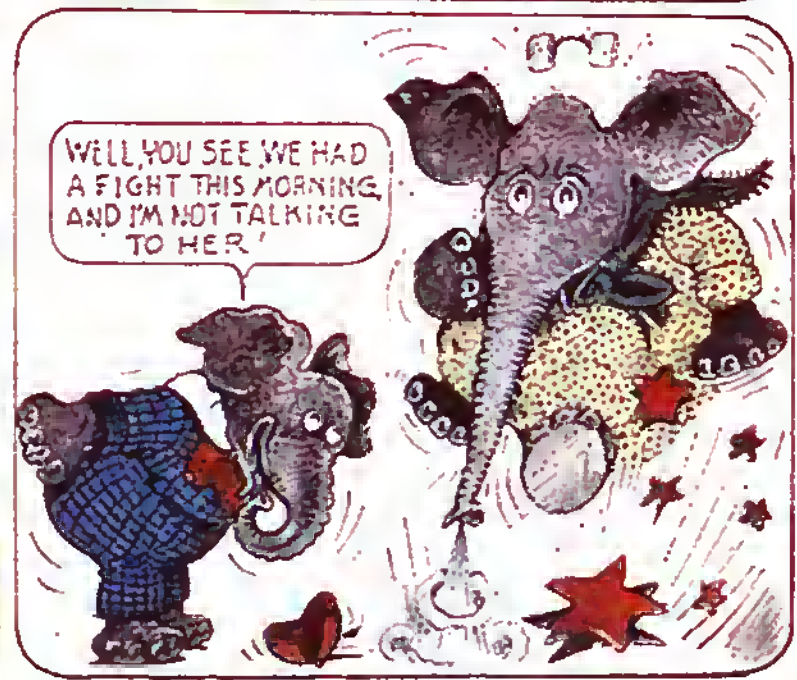
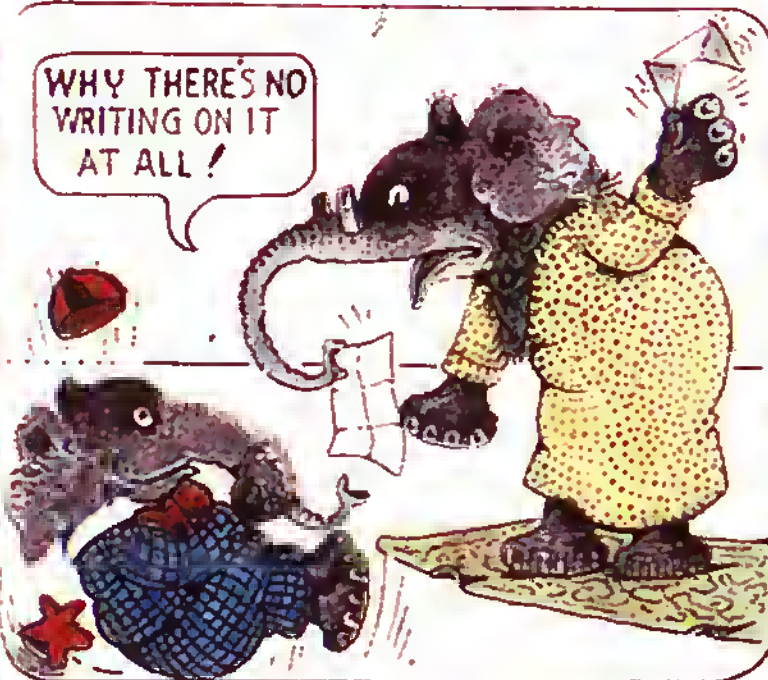
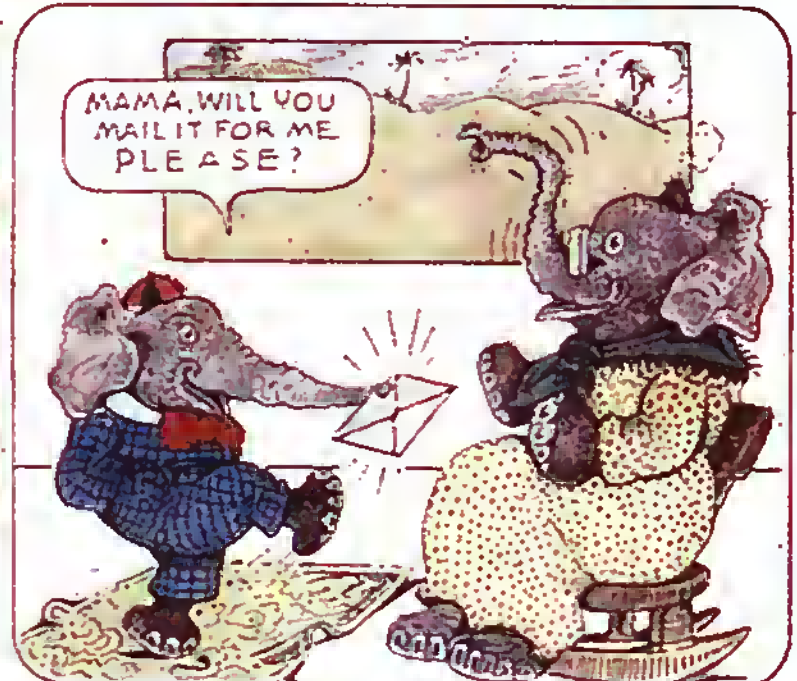
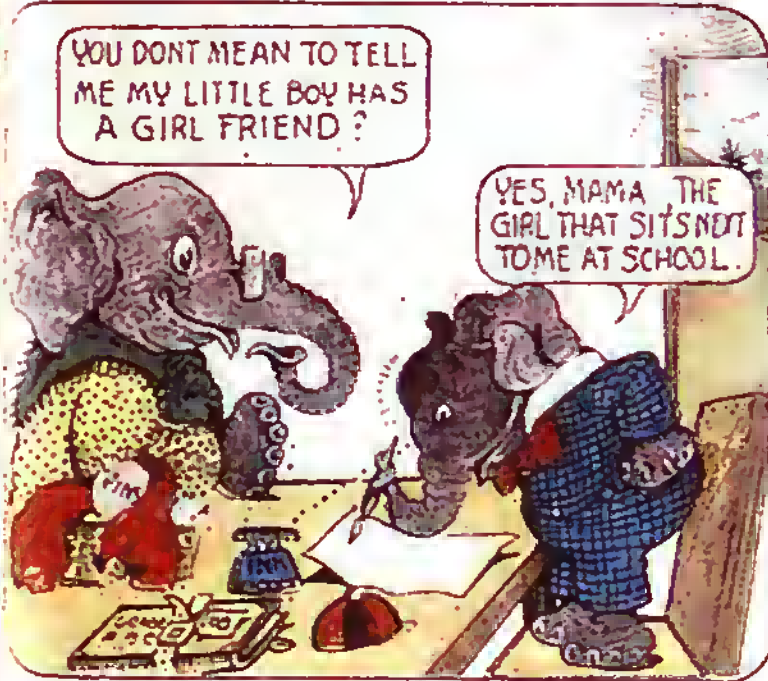
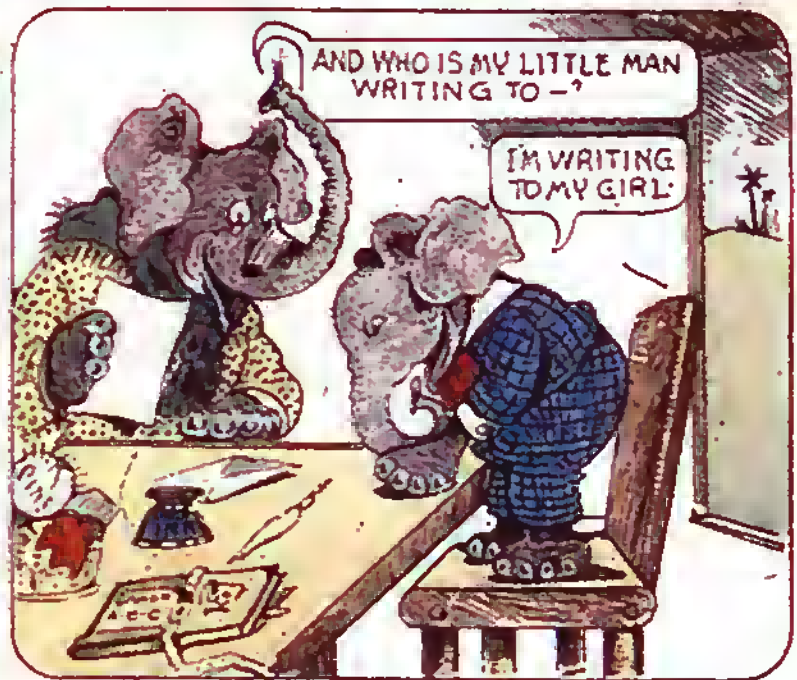


NOW HER PLAYING IS PERFECT - FULL OF JOY AND HAPPINESS!

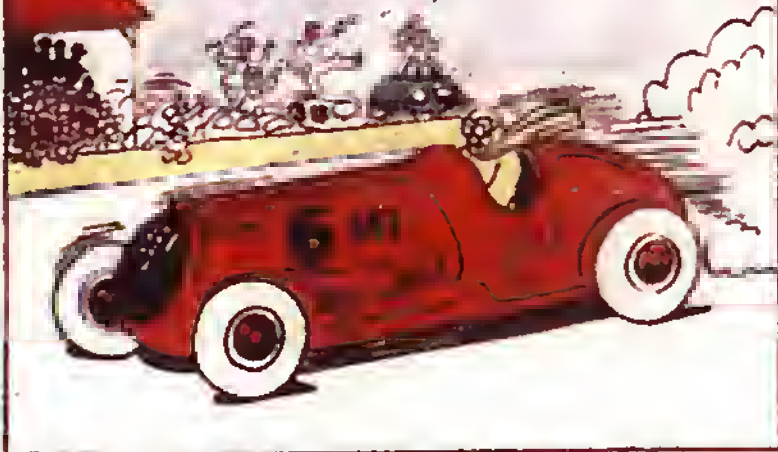


THE END

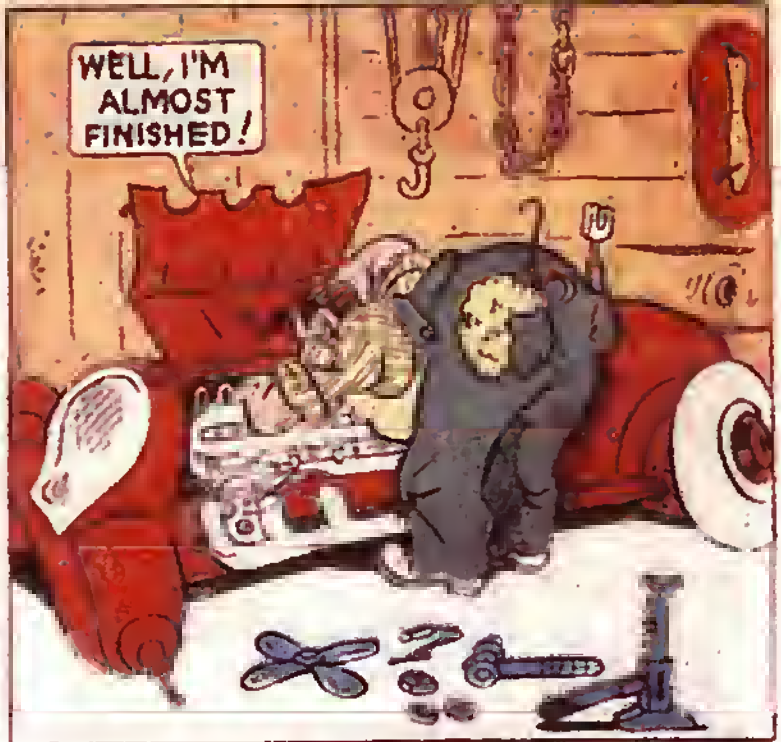
"SCHOOL DAZE"



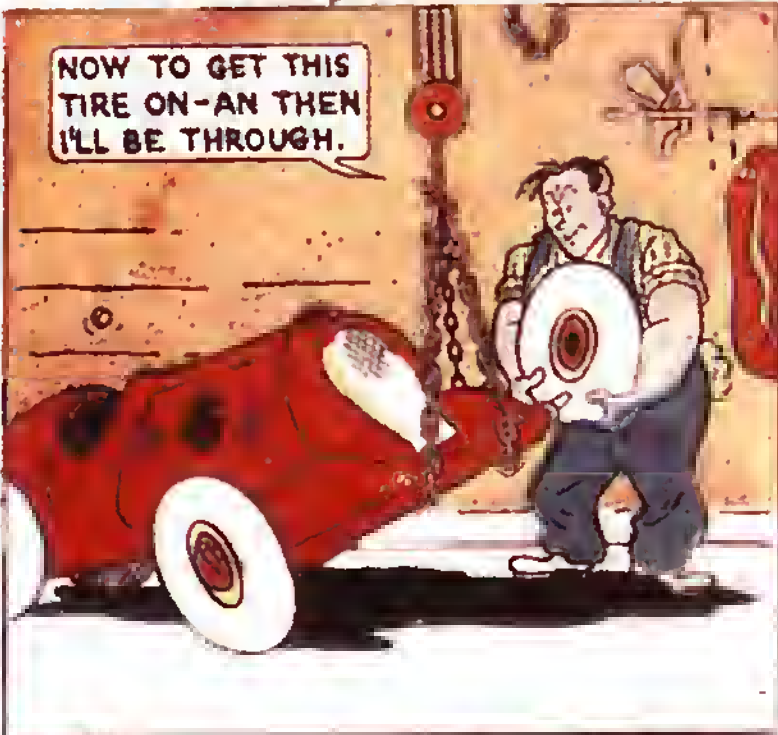
SPEED-A-WAY



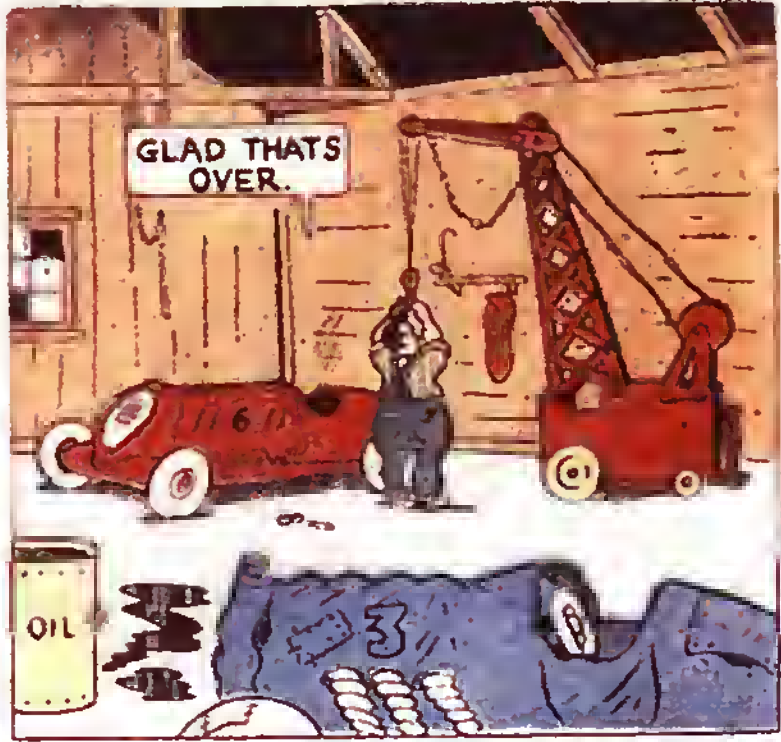
WELL, I'M ALMOST FINISHED!



NOW TO GET THIS TIRE ON-AN THEN I'LL BE THROUGH.



GLAD THATS OVER.



JUST WHEN I'M BUSY, SOMEBODY HAS TO CALL!



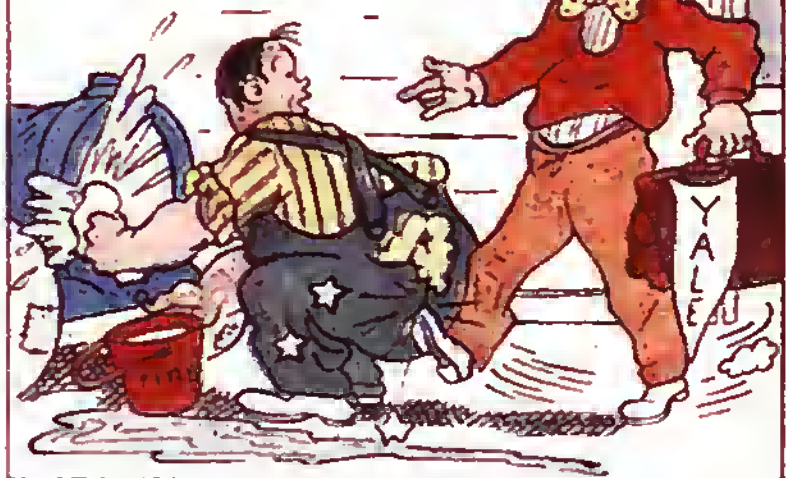
HELLO-YEAH-IVE GOT AN OLD RACER FOR SALE.



WELL, IT LOOKS LIKE I'M GONNA SELL THIS OLD BUS AFTER ALL!

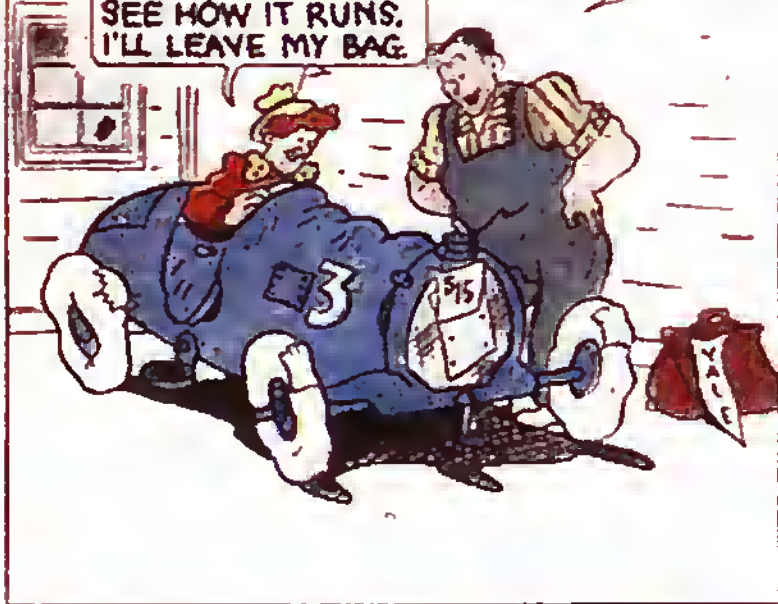


HELLO, STRANGER! I'M THE GUY WHO CALLED UP ABOUT THE CAR- IF IT'S GOOD YET- I'LL BUY IT.



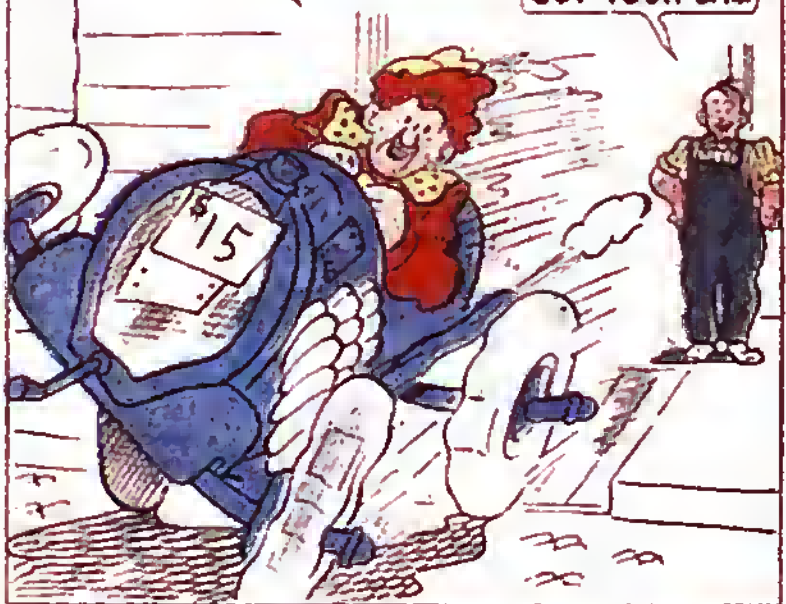
SAY, THIS IS OKAY! I'D LIKE TO TAKE A DRIVE WITH IT- SEE HOW IT RUNS. I'LL LEAVE MY BAG.

SURE, IT'S FULL OF GAS-SO GO AHEAD.



OBOY! I'LL DRIVE IT AROUND THE BLOCK.

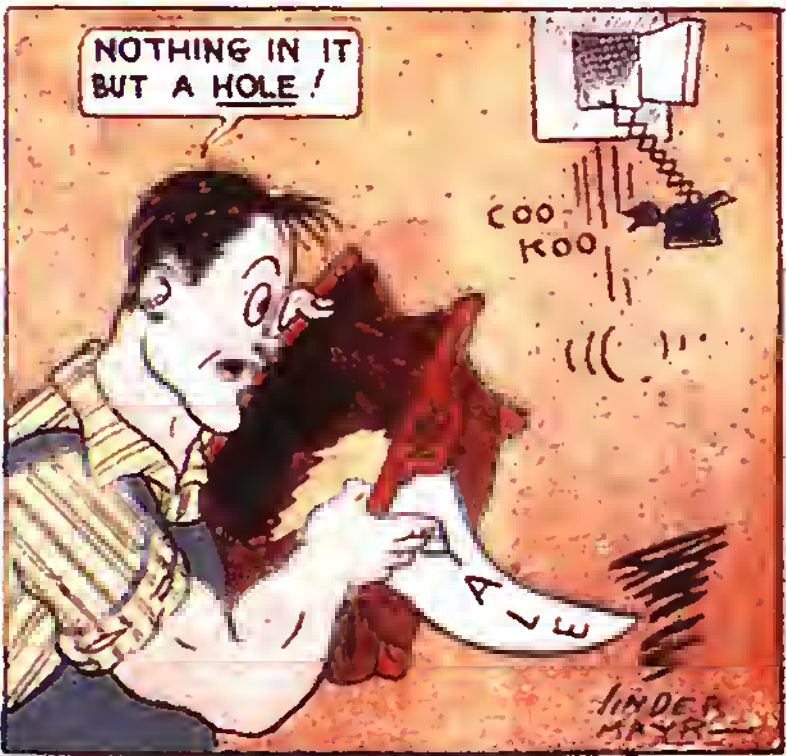
OKAY! DON'T FORGET I GOT YOUR BAG.



SAY! THAT GUY'S BEEN OUT FIVE HOURS NOW! MAYBE THE CLOCKS FAST? I BETTER LOOK IN HIS BAG TO SEE WHAT SECURITY HE LEFT.



NOTHING IN IT BUT A HOLE!

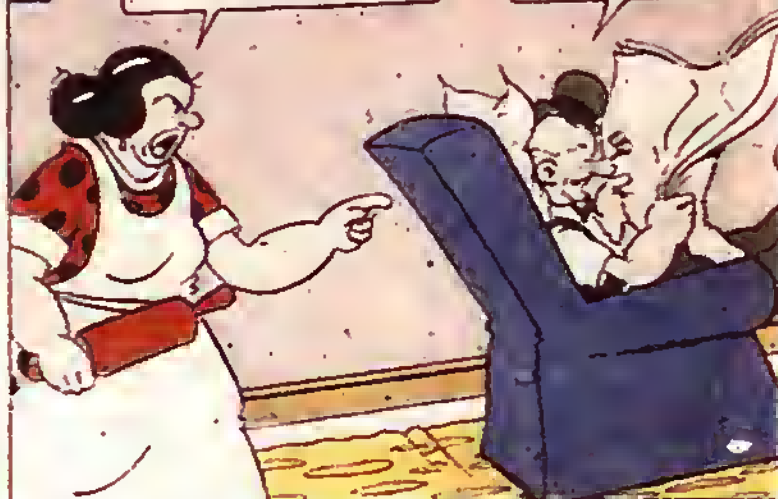


SHANTY O'TOOLE

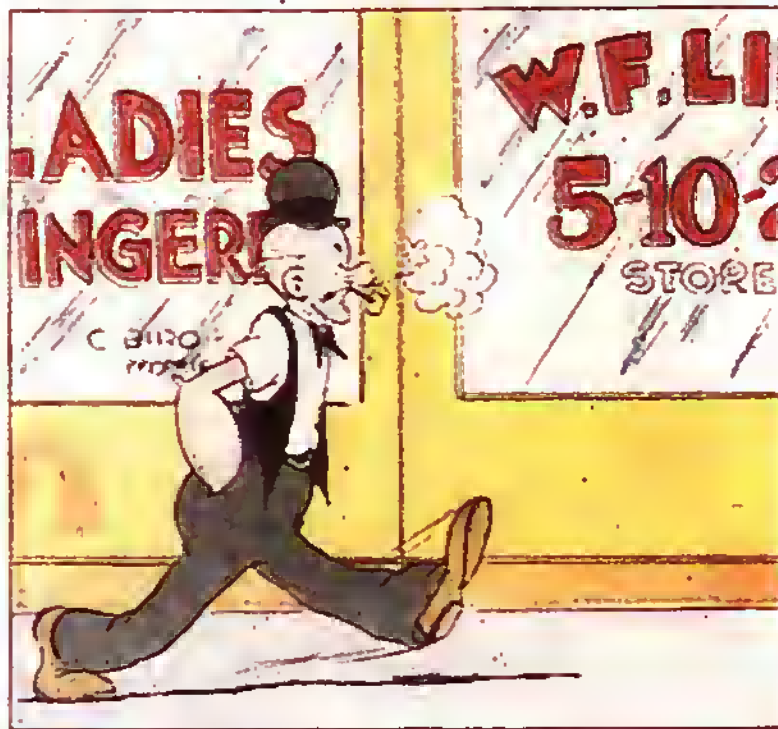
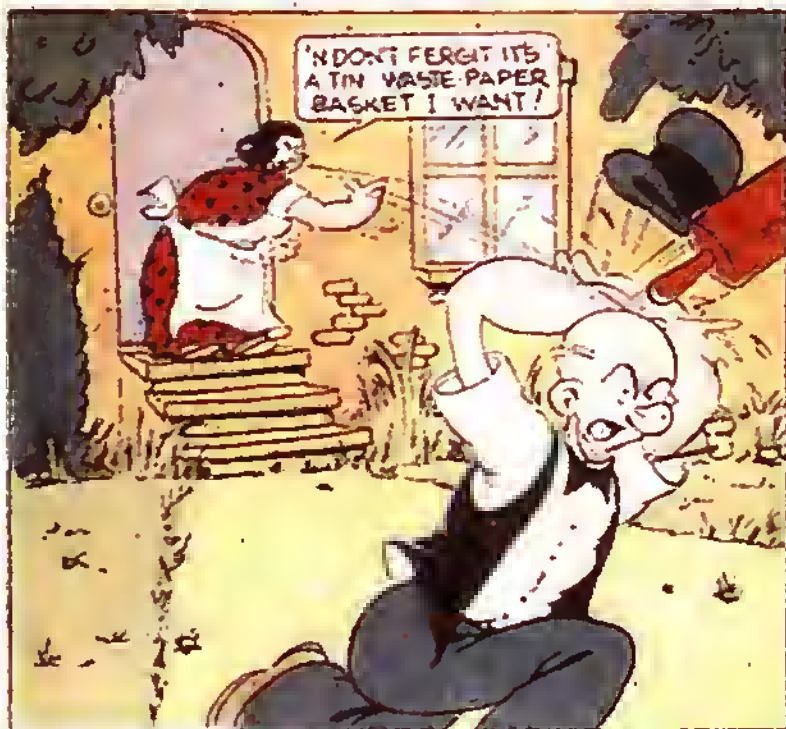


GIT UP OUTA THAT CHAIR 'N GO DOWN TO T' FIVE ARO TEN 'N BUY ME A TIN WASTE PAPER BASKET!

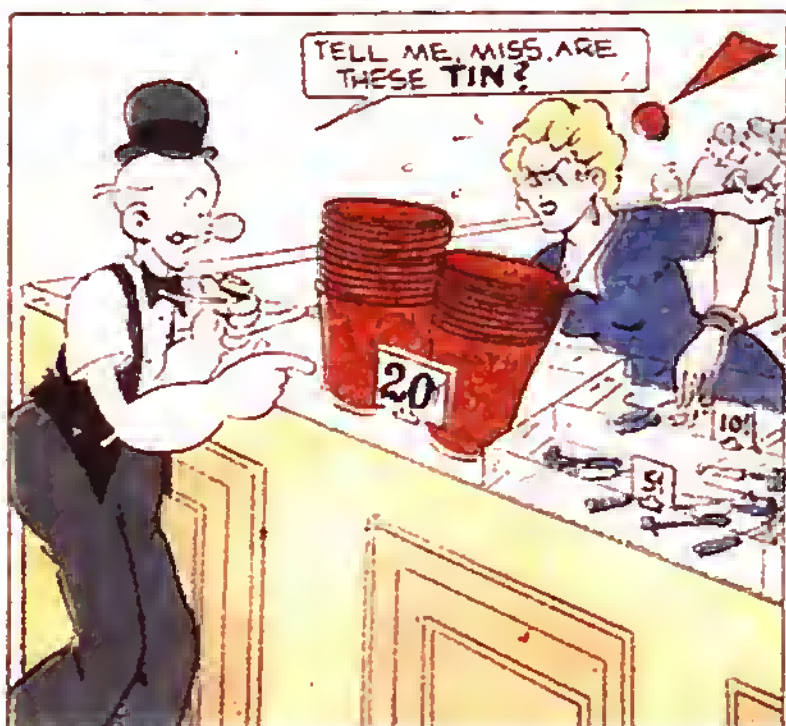
YES, M'LOVE. IN JUST A MINUTE.



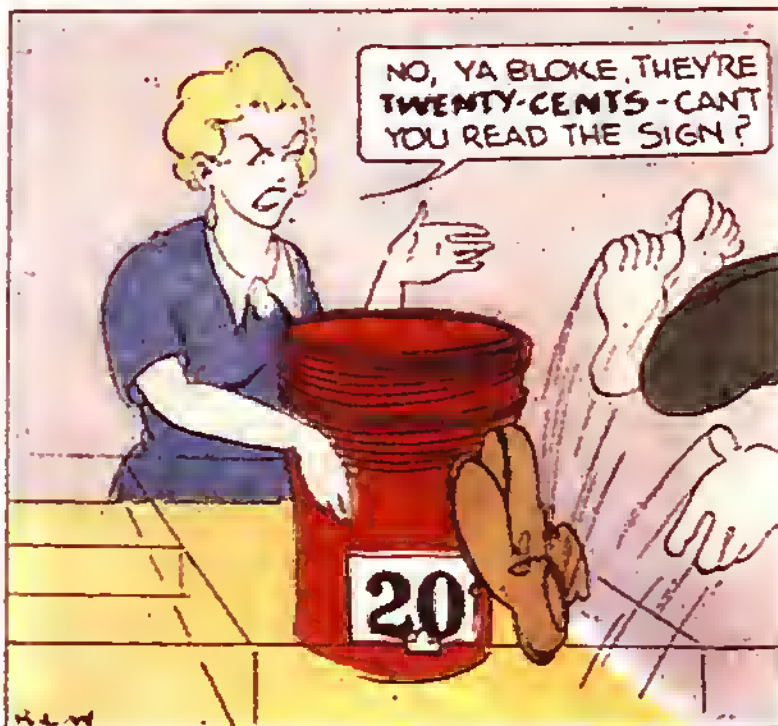
'N DON'T FERGIT ITS A TIN WASTE PAPER BASKET I WANT!



TELL ME, MISS, ARE THESE TIN?



NO, YA BLOKE, THEY'RE TWENTY-CENTS - CANT YOU READ THE SIGN?



Ann How!

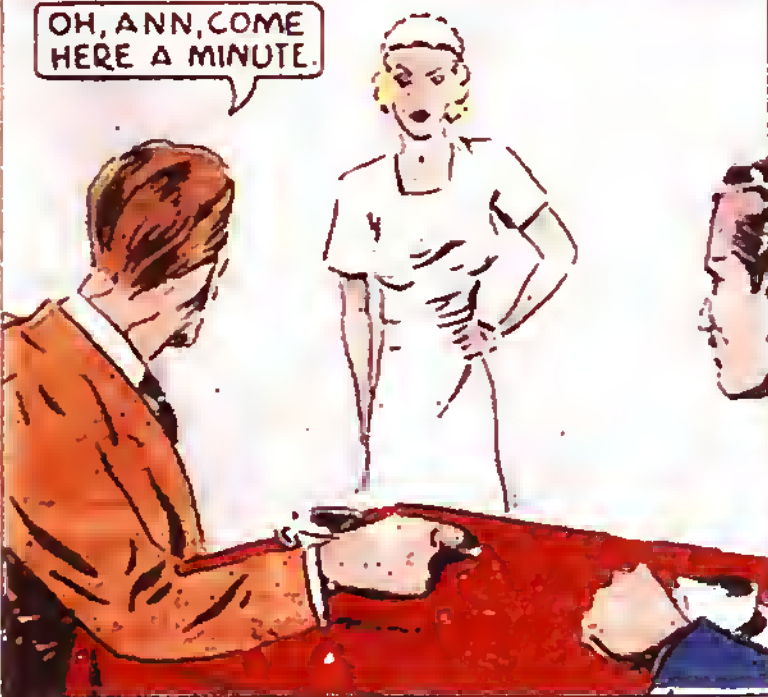
I'M TELLING YOU
IT'S COFFEE
TASTE IT



YOU'RE WRONG
-IT'S TEA.



OH, ANN, COME
HERE A MINUTE.



I SAY IT'S TEA - HE
SAYS IT'S COFFEE -
YOU TASTE IT AND
TELL US.



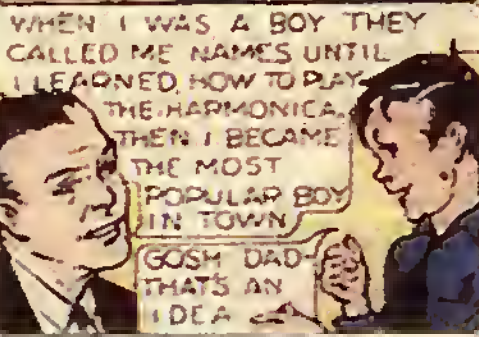
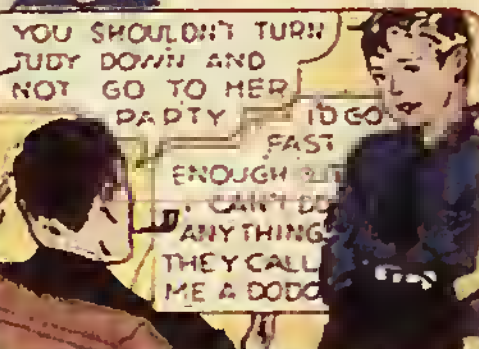
YOU'RE BOTH WRONG
... IT'S COCOA!



Behind THE SCENES

NIX on Parties... IM THROUGH!

PHIL MISSED LOTS OF GOOD TIMES UNTIL...



DON'T MISS GOOD TIMES

Be Popular - Become an Expert Harmonica Player

Boys and girls who are good harmonica players are always wanted at parties and all kinds of social meetings. They are the leaders who make the party peppy. Learn this fascinating way to become popular and wind today for the Free Harmonica Instruction Book. With it you can learn in no time to become an expert Harmonica player. Just sign and mail coupon below.

HOHNER HARMONICAS

FREE Sign and mail this coupon and Instruction Book will be sent at once - Free

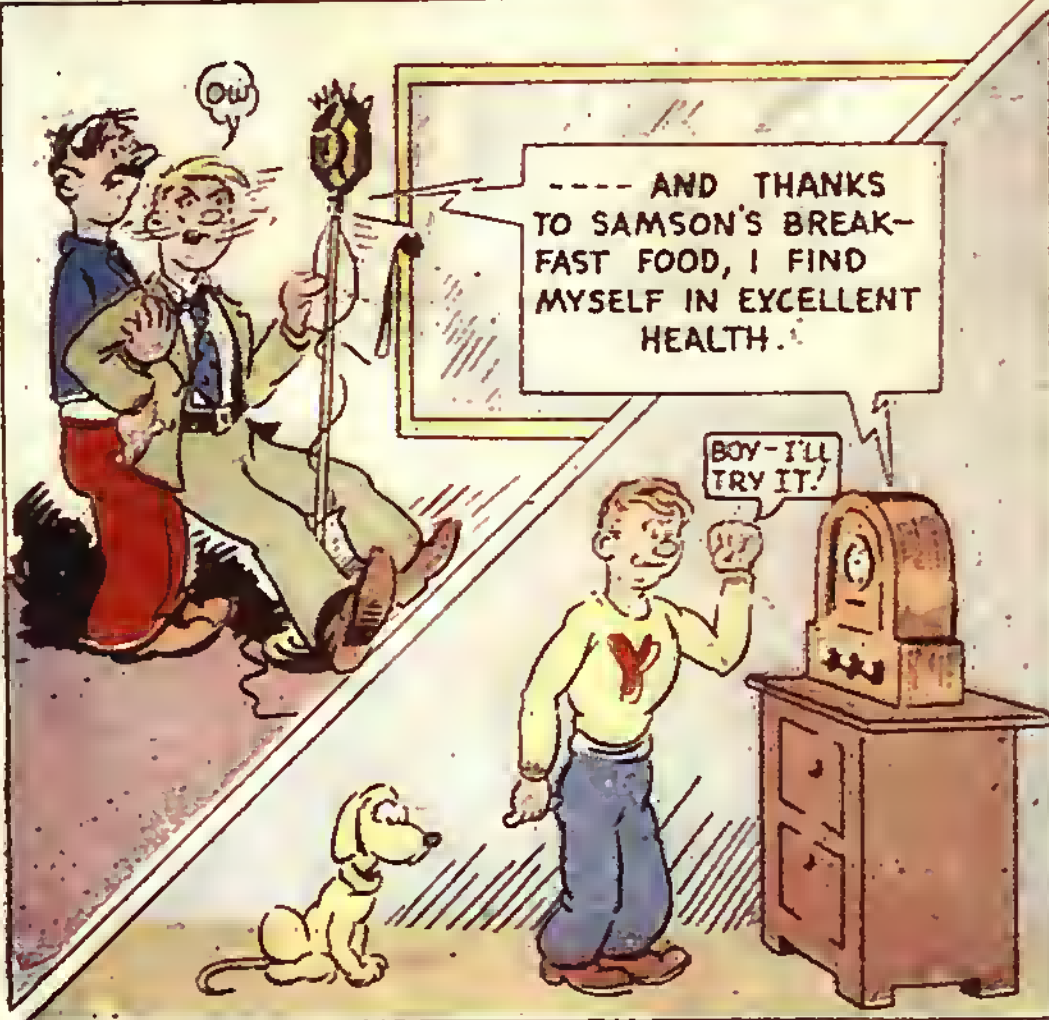
M. HOHNER, Inc., Dept. 27J
351 Fourth Ave., New York City

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

A 48-page Color Illustration Book by Hohner & K. A. K. Co., Ltd., Toronto



What a Man

DON'T FORGET TO CALL ME MA WHEN IT'S TIME TO TAKE MY CASTOR OIL



The Monark
SILVER KING

BIG PRIZES

BOYS, 12 to 16, you'll know what a *real* thrill is when you flash down the street on this deluxe Silver King bicycle. Streamlined aluminum alloy frame, 20% lighter than most bikes. Running gears chromium plated. Balloon tires give you a "floating" ride... Oh, boy! Earn this bike and any of 300 other prizes, including almost anything from a marble to a typewriter. Make **MONEY**, too. It's easy. Just deliver our magazines to customers whom you obtain in your neighborhood. Do it in spare time. Many boys earn their first prize in a few hours. Mail the coupon **NOW** and we'll start you. Don't delay.

Earn Prizes

Make Money



Mail This Coupon Now!

Mr. Jim Thayer, Dept. 735
The Crowell Publishing Company
Springfield, Ohio

Dear Jim: Start me earning **MONEY** and **PRIZES** at once.

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Hurry! Mail This Coupon Right Away →

GREATEST BARGAIN

IN TEN YEARS

Remington NOISELESS Portable

NOW 10¢ A DAY!



**MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE
10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER**

10-DAY FREE TRIAL. Now for the first time in history you can own a real Remington NOISELESS Portable for only 10¢ a day or \$3 a month. Think of it! The finest Remington Portable ever built at the lowest terms we have ever offered. Every attachment needed for complete writing equipment—**PLUS THE FAMOUS NOISELESS FEATURE.** Brand new. Not rebuilt. Send coupon today.

WE PAY ALL SHIPPING CHARGES. You don't risk a penny. We send this Remington Noiseless Portable direct from factory to you with **TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL.** If you are not satisfied, send it back.

FREE → TYPING COURSE

With your New Remington Noiseless Portable we will send you—absolutely FREE—a 19-page course in typing. It teaches the Touch System, used by all expert typists. It is simply written and completely illustrated. Instructions are as simple as A, B, C. Even a child can easily understand this method. A little study and the average person, child or adult, becomes fascinated. Follow this course during the 10-Day Trial Period we give you with your typewriter and you will wonder why you ever took the trouble to write letters by hand.



FACTORY TO YOU

The gem of all portables. Imagine a machine that speaks in a whisper... that removes all limitations of time or place. You can write in a library, a sick room, a Pullman berth without the slightest fear of disturbing others. And in addition to quiet, a superb performance literally makes the words seem to flow from the machine. Equipped with all attachments that make for complete writing equipment, the Remington Noiseless Portable produces manifolded and stencil cutting of truly exceptional character. Furnished in black with shining chromium attachments.

SPECIFICATIONS. Standard Keyboard. Finished in glistening black with chromium attachments. Takes paper 9.5 inches wide. Writes lines 8.2 inches wide. Standard size, 12 yard ribbon. Makes up to 7 clear legible carbons. Back spacer. Full size platen. Paper fingers, roller

type. Black key cards with white letters. Double shift key and shift lock. Right and left carriage release. Right and left cylinder knobs. Large cushion rubber feet. Single or double space adjustment. All the modern features plus NOISELESS operation.

MONEY-MAKING OPPORTUNITIES OPEN. Hundreds of jobs are waiting for people who can type. A typewriter helps you put your ideas on paper in logical, impressive form... helps you write clear, understandable sales reports, letters, articles, stories. A Remington Portable has started many a young man and woman on the road to success.



A GIFT FOR ALL THE FAMILY. If you want a gift for birthday, Christmas or Graduation... one Father, Mother, Sister or Brother will use and appreciate for years to come... give a Remington Noiseless Portable. We will send a Remington Noiseless Portable to anyone you name, and you can still pay for it at only 10¢ a day. Few gifts are so universally pleasing as a new Remington Noiseless Portable. Write today.



FREE CARRYING CASE

Also under this new Purchase Plan we will send you FREE with every Remington Noiseless Portable a special carrying case sturdily built of 3-ply wood. This handsome case is covered with heavy du Pont fabric. The top is removed by one motion, leaving the machine attached to the base. This makes it easy to use your Remington anywhere—on knees, in chairs, on trains. Don't delay... send in the coupon for complete details!

Mail Now!

Remington Rand Inc., Dept. 333-9
315 4th Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Please tell me how I can get a new Remington Noiseless Portable typewriter, plus FREE typing course and carrying case, for only 10¢ a day. Also send me new illustrated catalogue.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____